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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 133
MR. BALDWIN AND LORD ROTHERMERE . . . 136
THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIK CREED. By Michael Farbman 137
AN INTERNATIONAL STARVATION RACE? 138
THE GENTLEMAN. By Y. Y. 139
DE PROFUNDIS 141
PETTER THE PORTENT. By MacFlecknoe . . . 142
CORRESPONDENCE 142
"Further Reflections on a Revenue Tariff," from J. M. Keynes; E. D. Simon, M.P.; Professor Ramsay Muir; E. M. F. Durbin; Dr. Norman Leys; B. A. Levinson; Donald Hartley; Capt. W. A. Powell; C. H. Tremlett; Hubert Phillips. Other Correspondence from E. Roy Calvert; "An Englishman of To-day"; Vernon H. Porter; Rebecca West; Dame Ethel Smyth.
ENTER THE ANTI-CHRIST. By Gordon Phillips . 147
LONDON SIGHTS. By Florida Pier 148
BURIAL OF THE SPIRIT OF A YOUNG POET. Page
By Richard Hughes 149
PLAYS AND PICTURES 149
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Richard Sunne . . 151
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Proteus 152
Arma Virumque. By Philip Guedalla . . 153
The Potters' Trade Unions. By J. L. Hammond 153
New Light on Africa 154
A History of the Argentine 156
The Wayward Poet 156
Later Latin 158
A Defence of Limehouse 158
SHORTER NOTICES 160
ABOUT MOTORING 162
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 164
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 166

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THE Government has suffered a series of misfortunes at a time when its retention of office has become of the greatest national and international importance. The death of Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, hastened by overwork, deprives it of one of its most reliable and respected members. Mr. Snowden is, we believe, making a good recovery, but we shall have to wait a long time before he can again take his place as a regular House of Commons protagonist. These depletions in the Government ranks come upon the top of the loss of Lord Russell and the resignation of Sir Charles Trevelyan. If the Government survives the next few months, a reconstruction of the Cabinet seems inevitable. It should afford an opportunity for some of the abler young men of the Party.

* * *

The Government were beaten last Monday by four votes on the clause of the Electoral Reform Bill which provides for the abolition of the University seats. Two Labour members and 19 Liberals went into the Opposition lobby. Six were paired against the Government, whilst the absentees included 28 Liberals and 20 Labour members. This contretemps has been a rude shock to both parties. The question of discipline, which is, of course, serious alike for Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Lloyd George, must be settled internally. The retention of the University vote involves a vital point of principle. We can see no good reason for it. The arguments of its champions are all special pleading. It is absurd to pretend that the Universities need separate representatives at Westminster to-day. Nor, if they did, would there be much sense in giving a double vote to a body of graduates of whom only a tiny fraction are resident in, or keep up the remotest connection with, the places where they once learned Plato and physics and rowing. We do not want to be pedantic about democracy; but neither do we want to dilute it with privileges that can only be defended on grounds of sentiment—and false sentiment at that. University representation (if it was ever justified, which we doubt) is in this year of grace an anachronism. And it is not even a picturesque anachronism, like the Lord Mayor's coachman or the sentries at Whitehall.

* * *

As for the practical consequences of the Government's defeat, they are likely to be far-reaching. The differences which have long threatened to disrupt the Liberal Party have come to a head. Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Liberal Chief Whip, has resigned, as, in view of the stand he has taken for unity, he felt bound to do; and his protest, we understand, has the endorsement, or at least the sympathy, of his leader. Mr. Lloyd George is confronted with an almost impossible task. It would probably be lightened if the handful of malcontents, whose titular leader is Sir John Simon, were to break away from the Party altogether. Now that Sir John is developing Protectionist symptoms, there seems no real reason why he should call himself a Liberal. The disappearance from the Party of an element that is unwilling to co-operate with Labour would simplify a number of problems. But co-operation will be difficult if it is to mean subservience. The time calls for the initiation of an agreed programme, loyally supported by both parties, and neither personal nor tactical considerations should longer stand in the way. The issues at stake—disarmament, India, Tariffs—are too momentous. If the Liberals, at their meeting next Tuesday, take this larger view of their responsibilities, and if Labour is prepared to be reasonable, a fruitful collaboration may yet ensue. The only alternative is an early election.

* * *

The Indian debate in the Commons last week went far to clear the air, and after Mr. Baldwin's speech, though some Die-hards remain implacable, the India Committee of the Conservative Party promise to be as good as gold. The centre of interest accordingly has shifted back to India. There Mr. Gandhi is exceedingly active, calming the fears of those who think—or pretend—that he gave away too much to Lord Irwin, exhorting laggards in the cloth boycott, and conferring with the Moslem leaders. Next week the All-India Congress meets at Karachi, and the extremists are expected to make things warm. It is perhaps because he has an eye on this meeting that the Mahatma keeps harping on "complete independence." If he is really keen on a Round Table settlement, as we hope he is, he has plenty of difficulties to face. There is little sign at present of the Moslems and Hindus being ready to fall on each others' necks, nor are all the Swarajist lions eager to lie down with the British lamb. The Chamber of Princes has opened its session at Delhi in an atmosphere in which hope and satisfaction with what has been so far achieved is mingled with some slight anxiety. We do not think there is any serious danger of the Princes going back on their decision in favour of federation. But a great deal hangs, of course, on what Mr. Gandhi and the Congressites do.

* * *

We are not surprised that the Government had a bad quarter of an hour last week over the appointment of Sir Ernest Gowers as chairman of the Reorganisation Committee under the Coal Mines Act. The post is an important one, and we can quite understand that the banks which are concerned in the matter should have insisted that Sir Ernest Gowers is the right man to fill it. Nobody questions his ability. But what is in question is his salary of £7000 a year, plus travelling expenses and subsistence allowance—£2000 a year, as someone observed, more than the Prime Minister gets. Mr. Shinwell had originally defended the appointment on the ground that Sir Ernest, who is now chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue (at a salary of £3000 a year), would forfeit his pension rights by leaving the Civil Service. But he had subsequently to confess that he had misled the House on this point; and he then fell back on sneers at the apostles of petty economy and the argument that Civil Servants who went into the industrial world generally got big money. The sneers were unjustified, the analogy was a bad one, and the spectacle of a Labour Minister supporting what he would have denounced as a ramp had it been done by the Tories, was highly unedifying. It is true that a few thousand pounds is a bagatelle; but not so the principle involved, or the effect on the public mind. This importation of the standards and spirit of commercialism must be deplored by all who value the traditions of the Civil Service. And it offers a peculiarly ugly contrast at a moment when the Schiller award has just reduced the wages of scores of thousands of Welsh miners to the barest subsistence level. Of course, it makes no practical difference to these unfortunates what Sir Ernest Gowers gets—whether it be £7000 or £70,000. But the affair will add a nice little bag of fuel to the flames of the "class war" in South Wales.

* * *

The political situation in Australia becomes more tangled every day. Mr. Scullin, menaced on the one hand by Mr. Lyons and Mr. Fenton and on the other by Mr. Lang and his followers in New South Wales, holds to power by an ever slenderer thread. Mr. Theodore, who is at once the Ministry's strength and its weakness, presses on with his Bill for the increase of the fiduciary issue in order to supply additional credits to both agriculture and industry, and to bring internal prices back to the 1929 level. But no one now seems to suppose that the Bill will pass in the present Parliament, or the Government last long enough to pass it. At the moment Mr. Scullin is kept in office only by the followers of Mr. Lang, with whom he is engaged in a violent quarrel. There are, in fact, now virtually three distinct Labour Parties in Australia, and an infinite confusion of policies. Yet even if the Opposition, under Mr. Latham, were to take office, it is not easy to see what it could do. Any widespread attempt to reduce wages would be fiercely resisted, and might reunite Labour under Mr. Lang's banner, unless Mr. Theodore were to succeed in stealing Mr. Lang's thunder. Of course, the whole muddle arises out of Australia's difficult international economic situation, and nothing short of a substantial improvement in world trade is really likely to clear it up.

* * *

The Commercial Convention (the so-called Tariff Truce) has reached a deadlock at Geneva. The coming into force of the Convention has already been once postponed in order to give time for further ratifications; but by Tuesday only thirteen States, including Germany, which signified its adherence at the eleventh hour, had ratified. Various suggestions were put forward at the Conference; but agreement on the next step proved unattainable. Sir Sidney Chapman, the British delegate, announced that the only solution acceptable to our own Cabinet would be to postpone decision as to the future. Other States were unable to agree to this course, and there the matter rests. The failure of the Conference to agree will be regarded by many as a set-back to the movement towards lower tariffs initiated in 1927. But it will not have been useless if it serves to focus attention upon the difficulties. The world situation at the moment imposes such handicaps upon all countries that normal opposition to the removal of tariff barriers is really strengthened; it must also force protectionist countries to realise how great is the part which these very barriers play in hindering world prosperity.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Morrison's new Bill for the co-ordination of London's transport has been acclaimed or denounced as Socialism by some people, and as sheer Capitalism by others. It is, as far as we are able to judge at present, a thoroughly sound measure, essentially Socialist where it ought to be Socialist, but avoiding the dangers of direct control from Whitehall, and also the difficulty of buying out the present owners at a time when it is difficult for the State to raise money. We doubt, indeed, if any reasonable Socialist is seriously dissatisfied with it; for no reasonable person wants nowadays to run socialistic services after the manner of the Government departments, or to pay off the owners with one hand while borrowing the money for the purpose with the other. The Public Utility Corporation, of the fashion set by the Central Electricity Board, will almost certainly be the regular form for the conduct of enterprises that come to be socialised; and, if the adoption of that form makes Socialism more acceptable to many non-Socialists, Socialists have no cause to grumble. As for the purpose of the Bill, everyone knows that London's transport needs to be brought under unified control; and almost everyone admits that this can be done only by creating a public, or at least a semi-public, body. Mr. Morrison seems likely to add to his parliamentary triumphs yet another notable success.

* * *

It should not be long now before we have the text of the Government's Sunday Observance Bill. Satisfactory assurances—satisfactory, at least, to all but the most unpersuadable Sabbatarians—have been given regarding the maintenance of a six-day week for all those concerned. There is some little doubt, but not much, whether the Bill will allow the opening of theatres as well as picture-houses on Sundays; the actors have joined the theatrical managers in declaring for it by a large majority. Whether the Bill will remove the ban from other forms of entertainment, as it should, we do not know. In any case, it is generally expected that the question of opening or shutting is to be left to "local option." That, we think, will be regrettable. It is unjust in principle, and unnecessary on grounds of public order or decency, that the minority which wants Sunday amusements should be deprived of them by the majority which does not. And apart from that, there is the unpleasant, and very real, prospect of this question becoming in many places the dominant issue at elections. Do we want local politics, which after all are concerned with a good many matters of first-class importance, to be a perennial battle between the godly and the heathen, directed by Nonconformist divines on the one side and cinema proprietors on the other?

* * *

The new "Geddes" Committee has now been formally constituted, with Sir George May, of the Prudential, as chairman, and two non-parliamentary nominees of each of the parties to help him. The Committee is not to dictate policy; but its terms of reference have been drawn widely enough to enable it to discuss changes which would involve legislation, so that in practice it has freedom to range over the entire field. No one, however, appears to expect much from it. Obviously, no large reductions of expenditure can be secured without changes of policy involving legislation or at least parliamentary sanction; and there is no reason to suppose that either the members of the "Economy" Committee or the various parties in the House will be at one about the policy that ought to be pursued. The Committee, indeed, seems to us a useless and impracticable body. Kept within narrower terms of reference, it might have been of some use in suggesting minor economies. Given freedom to range over the whole field, it is far more likely to achieve nothing at all. Nor is its personnel strong enough to command any real influence if it attempts to touch on the wider issues of social policy.

* * *

The Railway Clerks' Association have led the way in accepting the award of the National Wages Board; and it is expected that, after due grumblings and perhaps a period of uncertainty, the N.U.R. and the Locomotive Engineers will be forced to accept it too. The railway shopmen, organised partly in the N.U.R. and partly in the engineering Unions, have their wages regulated by a separate procedure, and their case has been under negotiation this week. They provisionally agreed on Wednesday to a reduction of 10d. in the £1 on wages, but with the understanding that this cut should not bring the earnings of any adult man below 40s. a week. In several other industries important wage negotiations are in progress. The builders are still at the beginning of their discussions; the boot and shoe operatives have accepted reductions; and the engineers, while opposing the employers' demands, have agreed to the establishment of a joint committee for their consideration. In general, employers, in face of the slump and its probable continuance, are moving more and more strongly for wage reduction in one trade after another; and the Trade Unions' powers of resistance are likely to be heavily taxed. If the present situation continues, many wages will almost inevitably fall in the end; but we very much doubt whether their reduction will have the promised results in increasing the demand for labour. It is more likely to lend to a further orgy of price-cutting and dumping in the world market.

* * *

Two questions which we asked last week have received curious answers. We challenged the authenticity of the "confession" which Rouse, according to several newspapers, made in his cell. Our question was followed by others in the House of Commons, and Mr. Clynes replied that searching inquiry had revealed no evidence of any confession. He made it as clear as his official position permitted that he shared our contempt for such newspaper methods. Referring to the meaning of the word "apology" in Mr. Duff Cooper's now famous lecture in Berlin we said that we did not know whether Rothermere papers were written by classical scholars. Apparently by way of reply, the *Evening News* of March 16th opened its leading article with the following remarkable sentence: "To put an end to Mr. Baldwin's spineless leadership of the Conservative Party has become the *ceterum censeo* of those who desire the restoration of British prosperity and British prestige." The answer seems conclusive.

MR. BALDWIN AND LORD ROTHERMERE

MR. BALDWIN'S indictment of the Rothermere-Beaverbrook press was an understatement of what everyone knows to be the truth. The only novelty was the public recognition of the truth by a Conservative politician. Mr. Baldwin complains that these newspapers neglect their proper job of providing information and criticism; that they have ceased to be "newspapers" and become engines of propaganda, relying for their effect upon

> direct falsehood, misrepresentation, half-truths, the alteration of the speaker's meaning by publishing sentences apart from the context, suppression and editorial criticism of speeches which are not reported in the paper.

Labour candidates all over the country habitually suffer from these abuses. Mr. Marlowe's letter alleging that Lord Rothermere had nothing to do with the Red-letter stunt of 1924 was an amusing score for Mr. Baldwin and offered one more example of that curious megalomania from which Lord Rothermere suffers. But the really important fact, to which Mr. Baldwin did not refer, is that the press stunt by which he willingly profited in 1924 was just as serious a misuse of newspaper influence, just as damaging to the integrity of British political life, as the present attack of which he now complains so bitterly and so justly.

Indeed, it was a far more serious matter. If one aspect of the danger of the Rothermere-Beaverbrook press is its suppression of serious discussion and the dissemination of falsehood, the use of the press against the Labour Party provides a far worse instance than anything that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Duff Cooper have to complain of. Seven London papers as well as numerous provincial ones are concerned to state Mr. Baldwin's side of the controversy. Mr. Duff Cooper has been vilified, misrepresented and accused of unpatriotic affinities with Berlin and Moscow, but his vivacious retorts have been reported throughout his constituency and, indeed, all over England. But when sincere and disinterested men were hounded down as traitors to their country in 1914, they had no means of replying to the vilifications of Lord Rothermere's papers; when the Labour Party as a whole was accused of selling this country to Russia in 1924, it had no effective organ of defence; when in every election in almost every constituency in this country Labour candidates struggle against misrepresentation of their cause and a calculated mixture of abuse and suppression in the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press they are not in the happy position of Mr. Duff Cooper—they cannot expect a rally to the cause of decency in politics on the part of the *Times*, the *Morning Post* or the *Daily Telegraph*.

Now that the Conservatives have at length discovered that the Rothermere-Beaverbrook press is a menace, they do not like it. It is a salutary lesson which we hope will not be forgotten when the versatile temperaments, the commercial acumen, or the personal likes and dislikes of the press Peers again bring the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, the *Daily Express* and *Evening Standard* into line with orthodox Conservatism. It will be timely then to remind them of Mr. Baldwin's contention that the politics of the Rothermere-Beaverbrook press appear to be not the result of political conviction (their propaganda for the sale of American goods in England seems a sufficient commentary on the sincerity of Empire Free Trade), but, in Mr. Baldwin's words, "the exercise of power without responsibility—the prerogative of the harlot throughout the ages."

These words raise large issues of public policy. The menace of a prostituted press broods heavily over our political and social life, and the difficult problem of transforming these organs of falsehood and miseducation into useful servants of society is one which must sooner or later be faced. We shall discuss it at greater length on another occasion. At the moment we must be content to register our satisfaction that the Conservative Party and the more responsible press of all shades of opinion have been awakened to this menace. Incidentally, the Rothermere-Beaverbrook attack has brought out all the best in Mr. Baldwin. His speech on India was a fine speech, and, in view of the ravening wolves around him, a courageous speech. The *Times*, which too seldom spices its weighty utterances with epigrams, said very fairly that Mr. Baldwin's "spiritual home was the last ditch." Of course, it is often his own folly which takes him there. No politician of quick intelligence would have permitted a resolution upon his Indian policy, carefully phrased for mischief by his opponents, to be sent to the press without issuing at the same time a careful explanation of the interpretation he placed upon it. He frankly explained that he could not trust his nominal supporters not to pass a confidential document over to those newspapers which are, by their own admission, out "to smash his party." But he could surely have explained to decent newspapers what his real meaning was and so prevented the very serious repercussions which the resolution has undoubtedly had in India.

Having made his blunder, Mr. Baldwin was capable of turning the tables upon his abashed and shamefaced colleagues. No one who heard him on this occasion could doubt that he spoke with the greatest sincerity, and that, whatever other vacillations he may indulge in, he can be relied on to make every effort within his power to keep India out of the cockpit of party politics. His speech was a severe blow at Die-hardism. Mr. Churchill, who seems to have prepared a speech to outdo Burke in rhetoric, found that his resounding metaphors and elaborate historical comparisons had become as flat as the dregs of champagne in yesterday's glasses. The subsequent debate in the Lords showed that among thoughtful men India is not a party issue. Talk of "non-party issues" is usually the same kind of rubbish as talk of "national parties." There are real issues which only cant disguises. But India is not a real issue between the parties. The vast majority of people in this country are agreed about the wisdom of the Government's Indian policy, and to make India a party issue, to ask those numerous Conservatives who do believe in a policy of reconciliation in India to betray their convictions and their commonsense for the sake of party advantage would be a political crime—a crime comparable with, but greater than, the crime of those Conservatives who conspired with their friends in Ulster to plunge Ireland into civil war. This Mr. Baldwin realises, and on this ground alone all men of good will must wish him well in his struggle with the Rothermere-Beaverbrook gang. The immediate moral of this curious but instructive contest is that it has become really important, for the sake of the decency of English political life, and for the sake of the future relations between this country and India, to keep this complacent and blundering but courageous little man at the head of his party.

THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIK CREED

NOTHING is more indicative of the tremendous change that has taken place in the popular view of Russia than the fact that statesmen and newspaper proprietors who only a few years ago were reluctant to remove the embargo on imports into Russia are now becoming almost hysterical in their demands that exports from Russia shall be excluded.

This curious result of the success of the Five Year Plan is the more remarkable in view of the fact that the plan when originally promulgated was denounced as a piece of Bolshevik bluff, doomed to failure. That Soviet Russia, which for years has been a byword for poverty and economic backwardness, should, two years after her industrialisation commenced, have become a menace to world capitalism—all this may be very pleasant news for Communists, but it is too fantastic a suggestion to be taken seriously. It is refuted entirely by a consideration of two facts. First, Russian exports represent two per cent. only of the world export trade and, secondly, Russia's imports are much in excess of her exports.

The Russian *émigré* papers in Paris are engaged at present in a controversy as to the proper tactics to be adopted in reporting news of the Five Year Plan. Some are of the opinion that the best way of killing the Plan is to report that it has failed. Others, on the contrary, insist that it is necessary to exaggerate its success and so frighten the capitalist world into a policy of retaliation and boycott. It seems that the popular press of the world is inclined to adopt the latter view.

This new anti-Bolshevik scare, which started a few months ago rather timidly, as a mere *ballon d'essai*, has now become so popular that it is established as a regular topic in the newspapers, in parliamentary debates and in conferences of European statesmen.

Mr. Baldwin, in a recent speech at Newton Abbot, gave a typical explanation of the thesis. "In Russia," he said, "they are working on what they call a Five Year Plan. Very briefly, that is a plan to industrialise Russia in five years; or, in other words, a plan to equip Russia as a most powerful country for manufacturing goods for export. She is paying for that largely by forced labour at home, by screwing all the money she can get out of the country, and by money she can get by selling at present mainly raw materials." The same interpretation of the Plan can be found in almost any speech or article on the subject by any prominent Conservative statesman or publicist, British, French or American. The scare can now be said to have crystallised almost into a creed, the three articles of which are: (1) The aim of the Plan is to enable Russia to swamp the world with cheap goods; (2) these goods are being produced by forced labour; and (3) they are being dumped in foreign countries with the object of ruining trade and destroying the capitalist system.

The aim of the Five Year Plan is tremendously ambitious. According to its authors it is designed to enable Russia not only to reach, but to outstrip, the most advanced countries in industrial development. How far it is intended as a menace to Western capitalism must remain a matter of interpretation. But if it is a menace, it is because it is founded on the belief that a socialist system of production, accumulation and distribution is superior to a capitalist one. That a contest between socialist and capitalist production is historically unavoidable is probably true. But it is an obvious travesty of probabilities to represent such a contest as a mere smuggling and dumping of commodities. If the Five Year Plan succeeds one hundred per cent., and is followed by another Five Year Plan of a still more ambitious character, it is doubtful whether the result would be to give Russia enough goods to satisfy the enormously growing internal market. And yet we are asked to believe, in the third year of the Plan's operation, that Russia has already manufactured sufficient goods to allow her to export a surplus formidable enough to threaten the capitalist system. The idea is so ridiculous that it is quite obvious that the politicians and newspapers who are disseminating it are not taking it seriously, but are exploiting it merely as a new anti-Bolshevik scare.

An anti-Bolshevik scare of some sort seems to have become such a necessary element in British political life that only its particular form needs to be changed, and it may be freely admitted that this latest version of it is likely to be more effective than last year's anti-atheist slogan. But even the anti-dumping and forced labour stunt will probably not make a very lasting appeal; ultimately it may even act as a boomerang. For to admit, as the anti-Bolsheviks admit, that Soviet Russia is likely to prove successful as an industrial competitor to Great Britain is tantamount to admitting that Russian Socialism is superior to British capitalism. To meet this obvious implication the second article of the new anti-Bolshevik creed has been devised. "The Soviets are able to produce goods cheaper, not because of the superiority of their socialist scheme, but because they are employing forced labour." This is a quite plausible argument if it can be proved to be true. But the danger of employing it is considerable, for if this allegation of forced labour is proved to be false the argument based on it falls to the ground. Yet not a single observer who has been studying social and labour conditions in Russia has borne testimony to the existence of this forced labour.

Equally fallacious is the third article of the anti-Bolshevik creed, that Russian dumping is endangering the general standard of living in other countries. The important point to remember is that Russian exports are not manufactured goods, but chiefly raw materials such as timber, oil, manganese, wheat and flax. If these are offered at lower than the world market price their export will admittedly embarrass the producers of such materials in other countries. But it is obviously absurd to suggest that the standard of living of the British working man is threatened by the cheapness of the imported food and raw materials.

But while this particular anti-Bolshevik scare is bound to collapse eventually, it may have a long enough vogue to help the Protectionists in this country to launch a campaign for tariffs. It is obvious that we have got to reckon with the probability of an embargo being placed in the near future upon some, if not all, Russian exports. This embargo is being urged as a measure for safeguarding our national industries and agriculture. But it has a deeper significance, and is designed to arrest the progress of the Five Year Plan, which can only be carried out by importing plant and machinery from abroad, which plant and machinery can only be paid for by money accruing from Russian exports.

Is such an embargo possible? Can Clemenceau's idea of a *cordon sanitaire* be revived and put into operation? The answer is emphatically in the negative. An embargo of this kind to be really effective must be universal, or at least must be supported by all the principal industrial countries. Declared by one country alone, it would harm that country more than it would harm Russia. Of all the big European countries, France alone, which exports little to Russia, is probably in a position to exclude imports from Russia. Some of the Balkan States might perhaps imitate France's example. But no embargo could be successful unless Germany were a party to it, and Germany's trade with Russia, as everyone knows, is of such magnitude and of such importance as definitely to align her with rather than against Russia.

The position which Germany occupies between Russia and Western Europe is often misrepresented as "sitting on the fence." As a matter of fact, Germany is not sitting on the fence. Her Eastern policy is as definite and as historical as her Western. While she is a Western Power, and is unlikely to surrender any of the interests and privileges of that position, her economic destinies are bound up, as they have always been, with the economic progress of Russia. No amount of political manœuvring or of political bribery is likely to succeed in breaking the bond that unites the two countries. With Germany aloof, and even hostile, an embargo on Russian exports is a sheer impossibility.

But granted, for the sake of argument, that it were possible, would it imperil the Five Year Plan, and what would be its effect on Russia's position as a Great Power?

All things considered, probably the utmost effect of such an embargo would be the slowing down of the *tempo* of the Plan. Nothing more. Obviously the execution of the Plan would be retarded by the impossibility of importing plant and machinery from abroad. But, though Russia is still greatly dependent upon foreign countries for such goods, it must not be imagined that she herself is producing none. The Plan has, comparatively speaking, been most successful in organising new industries and in developing backward ones. A foreign boycott would have the effect of a new and most powerful stimulus to the development of the Russian engineering and machine building industries. On the other element in which Russia has so far been vitally dependent on the West, that of technical experience and skill, no embargo would seem to be possible. Even if Russia could be entirely cut off from access to the world market, she would never become so impotent as to be unable to secure and to pay for such services.

In the political sphere, world hostility to Russia would probably result merely in stiffening the national spirit and increasing the determination of both Government and people to win through. Nor must one lose sight of the consideration that a general embargo on Russian exports would be bound to relieve the internal situation by keeping consumers' goods and raw materials in the country which otherwise would leave it.

One word finally on a different aspect—the possible, and indeed probable, repercussions of a European embargo in Asia. The sole result of the political *cordon sanitaire* that blockaded Russia after the War was to direct all the energies of the Bolsheviks to Asia, with what disastrous effect on the influence of this country it is hardly necessary to recall. The proposed economic *cordon sanitaire* would almost certainly have the similar effect of forcing Russia to concentrate all her efforts on the conquest of the Asiatic market. These efforts might well prove more injurious to British trade than the political propaganda of a few years ago was to British prestige.

MICHAEL FARBMAN.

AN INTERNATIONAL STARVATION RACE?

WHEN Mr. Maxton, a week or two ago, inquired whether the industrial leaders of Great Britain were really in favour of our participation in "an international starvation race," very little notice was taken of his words—which, from the manner of their speaking, might have been understood merely as a parody of a certain type of patriotism. For the inquiry was coupled with a boast that if an Englishman did set out to starve, he could starve better than any three foreigners. Did anyone really rate the English so low as to believe that they could not starve at least as well as a mere coolie? Yet in this reference to the international wage problem he had put his finger on a crucial point. Wage reduction is a race, and our entry will only speed it up. If we reduce now, to keep in step with the cuts being made by our competitors, we shall have to reduce again.

The race is undoubtedly on. Italian wages and salaries have recently been cut by 8 per cent. and 12 per cent. respectively; German workers in the major industries have lost up to 8 per cent., while the corresponding figure for Belgium is round 10 per cent., and further cuts seem likely. In Great Britain wage rates have remained fairly steady; there has been a slight, but only a very slight, decline over the last two or three years. It is only within the last few months, since the breaking, in fact, of the "economic blizzard," that the grumblings of the British employer have risen to a persistent clamour, demanding that wages shall follow prices in their catastrophic downward flight, and complaints of the "rigidity" of the British wage system have been repeatedly heard on the lips of economists. But now the attack on wages is no longer a bogy of the *Daily Worker*; it is a very grim reality. It has been staved off in coal and cotton, but railwaymen's wages—if the National Wages Board's ruling is fully accepted—are coming down, the opposing parties are skirmishing for position in agriculture, in the Potteries and in the building trade; and it seems only too likely that the much-discussed Civil Service cuts will be followed by others not similarly justified by a sliding scale agreement.

That British industry is passing through a critical moment, and that national economy is necessary, is generally agreed. That this national economy, however, should be literally translated to read "wage reduction" is a *non sequitur* of the most flagrant kind. That we are feeling the effects of foreign competition is also true; but it is equally fallacious to suggest that foreign competition can only be met by lowering wages. Great Britain's past industrial supremacy was not built up by carefully preserving parity between her wage rates and those of her competitors, and lower wages are no better as a means of weathering economic blizzards than they are as a means of profiting by economic trade winds.

For it is not low wages, but low labour costs, which are relevant. It seems quite probable, in view of the unemployment figures, that wages are at present at a higher level than is warranted by productivity. Labour costs are too high to meet international competition. Labour costs can be lowered (in the short run, and up to a point) by reducing wages and entering the starvation race; or they can be lowered by raising productivity. To listen to the wails of some captains of industry one would think that the first method was the only one known to humanity. These wails would be more convincing if it were at all discernible that the captains of industry in question had tried the alternative or pushed it to its fullest extent. Has every avenue of improvement been explored by the cotton and coal industries, with their notoriously obsolete industrial structure and marketing methods, and the railways with their swollen directorates and their antediluvian system of private trucks? The answer is sufficiently indicated by the surprising fact that even were Lancashire cotton labour costs reduced to the Japanese level, Japan would still be producing more cheaply, owing to the disproportionate burden of British marketing costs! In this realm, at all events, our chances in the starvation race look none too bright. Indeed, even without taking into account such larger questions as the long-run effect on the nation's producing power of a lower standard of living, or any ethical doubts as to whether an industrial community which can afford Rolls Royce cars, luxury flats, the Kit Kat Club and the Navy, can reasonably plead its inability to afford a decent wage to its workers, the path of wage reduction appears, when looked at more closely, an unprofitable one all round. Take cotton. Lancashire's competitive position *vis à vis* Japan has already been indicated. But supposing the margin between Japanese and Lancashire prices could be reduced by a cut in wages, would the situation be much improved? Lower wages in Lancashire would not lessen anti-British feeling in India or quieten political turmoil in China. The fact remains that in the two greatest of our pre-war cotton markets the demand is almost hopelessly inelastic. No victory in an international starvation race, however resounding, could substantially benefit cotton.

Or take coal. The economic facts with regard to that much-tried industry are well known, and they point to a similar conclusion. Oil and hydro-electric power have bitten deeply into the market for raw coal; and not much more of the world's production would be sold even at the most severely cut price. A short-run gain from our competitors might be expected, of course; but how long we could keep up the unenviable role of pacemaker in the starvation race is doubtful. Improvement of organisation and technique, or in the last resort permanent contraction, can put coal on its feet again; but reduction of wages certainly cannot.

For agriculture the argument is, alas, even simpler. A reduction in agricultural wages would mean sheer physical insufficiency for the labourer; half-starved men are not likely to be efficient workers, and can a family live and work on less than 30s. a week? If labour costs in farming are too high relatively to productivity, as the farmers say they are, then it is for the farmer to do away with the disparity by increasing productivity. The way to compete against Danish farm produce is to use Danish co-operative methods, not to return to the agricultural standards of the "hungry forties."

One could multiply instances, but the general truth indicated remains the same. Wage reduction can only temporarily improve our plight; in the long run it will leave us exactly where we were, competitively speaking, with the dubious consolation of knowing that our action has hit not only British, but also European and American standards of living. The international starvation race is a counsel of despair.

It is not only this aspect of international competition which matters. Theoretically, of course, if wages are reduced enough, unemployment can be practically done away with—for the moment. So much we can allow to the champions of wage reduction. But that is not the whole story. Economic history suggests that where wages remain low, technique remains stagnant. High wages and progress go hand in hand. The legend of the wideawake business man, watching every opportunity for improvement in technique or marketing, sedulously ploughing in his surplus profits and intent first and foremost on serving the community (while paternally ready to share his gains with his workers in accordance with their deserts) may fit one or two of its authors; but there are many whom it does not fit. The observer of facts, as against the swallower of legends, is apt to see a business community muddling along with an antiquated technique (as in coal), an almost celestial complication of structure (as in cotton), a frequent neglect of sound finance (as in artificial silk and the "new" industries generally), and a complacent unconcern with the consumer's demands and convenience (as every report of foreign trade conditions makes abundantly clear). If, in order to make such industries profitable, we can choose between the method of wage reduction and the method of high wages and rationalisation, is there any doubt what our choice should be? Low wages leave inefficiency unpenalised—or rather, they transfer the penalty to the worker. High wages are a constant spur.

Rationalisation has its inconveniences, notably its short-term additions to the unemployment register; but at least we can be sure that these discomforts are only growing pains, and not symptoms of decay. Industries where technique is constantly improving, and strong Trade Union action is constantly pushing wages up, will have more unemployment and will be the subject of more grumbling from employers than those in which technique is stationary and wages vary automatically to meet the requirements of the "laws of supply and demand" (always most frequently and glibly quoted by those who know least about them); but they will be far more fundamentally healthy. They will be progressing, the others are on the road to extinction. And if Great Britain is indeed passing through a period of national emergency, she cannot afford to let her working forces deteriorate in order to save her employers from the trouble of thinking out alternative routes to solvency and salvation. She cannot afford to rest on her oars and let the workers pay the price of inefficiency. Perhaps there are many desirable luxuries, as well as such undesirable luxuries as heavy armaments, which she cannot afford. But, above all, and most certainly, she cannot afford to enter the International Starvation Race.

H. S.

THE GENTLEMAN

MONSIEUR ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED, in his critical study of England, which has been appearing in *The Times*, observes that England, at the present moment, "seems to wilt," and he puts the blame partly on the English ideal of gentlemanly behaviour. "The ideal of a gentleman, the foundation of modern British civilisation," he declares, "seems to have contributed to the relaxation of fundamental energy. A gentleman, we must realise, never strives too much; it is not considered the thing. He does nothing too well; he leaves that to the professional and the champion. His perfect manners are acquired at the price of the stuff of which heroes are made." It is strange that this indictment should appear at a time when the gentlemen of England have less power than they have had for centuries—when careers are as democratically open to talents as they once were in the armies of Napoleon—when, should the gentlemen of the country fail, there are thousands who are not gentlemen ready to take their places. There are few walks of life in which the non-gentleman is not as conspicuous as the gentleman to-day. You will find him in politics and the arts as well as in business. You will find him everywhere, I imagine, except in the Jockey Club.

What the difference is between the gentleman and the non-gentleman is a question to which there is no simple answer. At least, there is no answer in regard to which everybody will be agreed. Some people think of a gentleman as the sort of man who hunts foxes. Others think of him as a sensitive person who could not bear to hunt an animal for his amusement. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy once quoted somebody's definition of a gentleman as a man who never counts his change. A dwindling minority hold that no shopkeeper can be a gentleman. Other people regard every man who has good manners as a gentleman. One proposed test of gentlemanliness is the avoidance of hurting other people's feelings. Probably, in the minds of most people, considerateness is one of the essential attributes of a gentleman. But Dr. Johnson, who could, on occasion, be extremely inconsiderate, has been praised as a great English gentleman by his worshippers. Truthfulness is another quality that is the mark of a gentleman, but truth has often been spoken by boors. There is no definition of a gentleman possible, it seems to me, so comprehensive that it will embrace all gentlemen, and so exclusive that it will not admit many who are by no means gentlemen.

To M. Siegfried the word " gentleman " obviously suggests, among other things, a mild contempt for the vulgar struggle for existence and a desire to remain aloof from it. I am not sure, but I fancy that, if you are described as a gentleman in an official document, it is because, so far as anybody knows, you have not to work for your living. A gentleman in this sense is a man who has sufficient means to do what he likes with his time, and if a gentleman is a man of leisure, with a small or large private fortune, the ideal of a gentleman is undoubtedly widespread in England. "I shall be a gen'l'm'n myself one of these days, perhaps," says Sam Weller, " with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer house in the back garden." It is a worthy ambition, and it certainly involves an ultimate cessation from striving too much. As the majority of men are not born gentlemen in this sense, however, the ideal also acts as a stimulus to striving, till it is attained. And, as the ideal is in most cases unattainable till late in life, it makes for effort rather than discourages it. Among the comparatively small minority of those who are born gentlemen of leisure, it is probable the desire to " strive too much " weakens. As the ordinary human being in ordinary circumstances can be incited to " strive too much " only for material ends, we cannot expect a rich man of leisure to use every ounce of his energy, like a poor man inspired by the wish to make a fortune. There have been plenty of men of leisure who have worked like slaves in politics. Others have devoted their lives to religion, philanthropy and adventure. But, as a rule, the young man who is born rich devotes to his amusement innumerable days and hours that if he had been born poor he would have devoted to hard work.

Here, however, it is the possession of money, not the ideal of gentlemanliness, that is the enemy of effort. And I doubt whether Mr. Siegfried could produce any convincing evidence on behalf of his contention that the ideal of the gentleman in itself is enervating. What he cannot understand, I fancy, is the English emphasis on the importance of leisure in the lives of all classes. The Englishman of the twentieth century undoubtedly objects to overwork to a degree that has no parallel in other countries. He has, whenever possible, rigidly limited his hours of work; he has made good his claim to half-holidays and holidays only dreamed of by his ancestors. Pessimists declare that the younger generation grudges the effort for more than a bare minimum of work, and that its ideal is to get as much as it can for doing as little as it can. But I have never heard a charge of this kind made without hearing it shortly afterwards contradicted by an employer of labour. The mistake of the pessimists is to imagine that in previous generations every working man toiled like the village blacksmith, whereas human beings in the mass never toiled like the village blacksmith. There have always been among them large numbers of the incompetent and the lazy, and the incompetent and the lazy will, I am sure, be there to exasperate the pessimist till the end of time. But even the village blacksmith, if he existed to-day, would be demanding his share of leisure. It is widely accepted to-day that all human beings have the right to enjoyment as well as to employment, and there is no reason to believe that a fair amount of leisure will destroy effort among the working class any more than it did in the nineteenth century among the middle class.

There are, admittedly, dangers in any theory of rights. A nation that over-emphasised the right of human beings to leisure, or their right to a good time, would be unlikely to excel in strenuousness. But it would not be a nation that erred through gentlemanliness. If energy is inconsistent with gentlemanliness, then no great surgeon can hope to be a gentleman. I have known men in all classes and professions with the gift for overwork, but I doubt if any other profession contains so large a proportion of men with this gift as the medical. And the lawyer, I am told, is not far behind it in this. The life of a great lawyer who combines work in the courts with the intolerable drudgery of sitting in the House of Commons, involves an amount of exhausting toil from which the boldest navvy would justly shrink. Among the professions to-day, indeed, overwork is probably commoner than it has ever been in history. The working hours of millions of people have been shortened, but the working days of Members of Parliament have multiplied. Of the business man it is more difficult to speak with certainty. I have known business men who seemed to devote to work every hour when they were not asleep. I have known others who seemed to grow rich with less effort than would be needed to make a third-rate night-watchman. But the second were no more gentlemanly than the first. They were only luckier.

In spite of all this, it may be that in comparison with the men of other nations the Englishman is naturally lazy. He certainly looks lazier than a Frenchman; even his conversation seems lazy by contrast. This may mean, however, merely that he wastes less effort. There is in many human beings a constant leakage of energy through fussiness, gesticulation, and all those things that make a man look energetic without necessarily being energetic to any useful purpose. Some of the busiest-looking men I have ever known were actually the idlest, judged by their accomplishment. They were so busy acting the part of busy men that they had little energy left to concentrate on their work. On the whole, I think it is true of Englishmen that they look lazier than they are. I have seen even good athletes who looked as if they were incapable of any greater effort than is required for lying in a hammock and yawning. Nor is this air of indolence merely assumed. It is probably due to an instinctive determination to save energy for the occasion that calls for energy. Or it may be partly so, and partly a pose. In any case it is better that laziness should be only skin deep than that energy should be only skin deep.

I doubt, then, if there is any real need for the English race to abandon or modify its ideal of the gentleman in order that it may hold its own in the struggle for existence. The ideal of the gentleman is a very positive ideal, implying honesty, courtesy, and consideration of others, and, except in certain shady corners of business, none of these stands in the way of the kind of success that enables a nation to survive in the universal struggle. Other things being equal, indeed, I believe that the man who is a gentleman will put considerably more horse power into his work than the man who is not. The gentleman may be slightly more indifferent to personal success than his rival, and more scrupulous in his means of attaining it, but he will put more ardour into making a good job of what he is doing than into merely making it look like a good job. The notion that a gentleman is simply a slacker with pleasant manners has little support in the history of the tribe. It is a charming notion, and expresses an ideal that I find very attractive. Who is there who does not feel a little tenderness for that pipe-and-summerhouse dream? But the ideal of a gentleman? The ideal of a gentleman, someone has said, is of a man who never evades his responsibilities. But even that definition can be pulled to pieces. A gentleman, it seems to me, can best be defined as a man who can be recognised at a glance and of whom all definitions are hopeless.

Y. Y.

DE PROFUNDIS

ON the eleventh of June, 1930, Dr. William Beebe and Mr. Otis Barton descended to a depth of 1,426 feet, a little over a quarter of a mile, in the open waters of the Atlantic off Bermuda. The descent was made in a spherical diving chamber of steel, with windows of fused quartz three inches thick. As Dr. Beebe has pointed out in the first official publication dealing with this unprecedented feat, Volume XXXIII., No. 6 of the Bulletin of the New York Zoological Society, it was carried out with no thought of merely beating a record, but for a definite scientific purpose.

It was the belief of the early naturalists that the great depths of the ocean were without life. They failed to see how any creature could exist under conditions of total and perpetual darkness, and where the temperature was but little above freezing point and the pressure almost inconceivable. The pressure of the water increases by one atmosphere, fourteen pounds to the square inch, every thirty feet, so that the pressure at a depth of three thousand fathoms is some three tons per square inch! And yet the occasional hauls from depths of over one hundred fathoms of animals hitherto unknown to science gave these naturalists cause to wonder. Edward Forbes, one of the pioneers of oceanography, wrote of such animals that, "They were like the few stray bodies of strange red men, which tradition reports to have been washed up on the shores of the Old World before the discovery of the New, and which served to indicate the existence of unexplored realms inhabited by unknown races, but not to supply information about their character, habits and extent."

In 1860 a broken telegraph cable was raised from a depth of 1,200 fathoms in the Mediterranean and found to be coated for great distances with encrusting forms of life. This was the first certain evidence that the great depths were not unpopulated, and led to the cruises of H.M.S. *Lightning* and H.M.S. *Porcupine* in the years 1868 and 1869. These vessels carried out deep-sea dredging around the Faroes, off the west of Ireland and in the Bay of Biscay, and the results of their work showed that there was abundant life in these regions down to depths of 2,435 fathoms.

The interest, not only of men of science, but of nations and governments, was now thoroughly aroused. There were not wanting those who prophesied that the solution to the riddle of the origin of life lay in the depths of the great oceans. (There were not wanting, in due course, those who found it there, but the sad story of the finding and eventual exposure of *Bathybius* cannot be told here.) The British Government did a remarkable thing, for which it has gained more lasting honour than for a hundred forgotten treaties or petty colonial wars. It equipped and sent out on a voyage which lasted for three and a half years H.M.S. *Challenger*. She carried a large staff of naturalists, with a chemist and a physicist. She circumnavigated the globe, worked in almost every sea from the poles to the equator, and collected a mass of information which, published finally in fifty magnificent volumes, formed for all time the basis of the now firmly-established science of oceanography.

The work of the *Challenger* showed beyond any doubt that life existed in all seas and down to all depths. Since she returned from her voyage in 1876, many other deep-sea expeditions have followed in her wake, and gradually there have accumulated collections of those strange creatures which comprise what is now known as the abyssal fauna.

The strangeness of these animals lies not in their nature, for no hitherto unknown groups of animals, no remnants of a bygone marine fauna, have been found, but in the modifications of their structure which alone have enabled them to exist in the unique environment of the great depths of the oceans. They afford, perhaps, the most striking example of that immense energy which is in the very essence of life, and which has enabled it to conquer and populate every region from the frozen wastes of the Arctic to the hot springs of New Zealand, from the high atmosphere to the depths of the most profound oceans.

It is a truth not yet sufficiently realised that life, whose diverse members seem frequently so obviously at war with one another, is actually an organic whole, its constituents mutually interdependent. The abyssal fauna, apparently completely cut off from the rest of life, is actually dependant on it to an exceptional degree. Plants are the fundamental forms of life. They alone, by means of their green colouring matter, chlorophyll, can, in the presence of the radiant energy of sunlight—the motive force of life—convert the "inorganic" into the "organic," water and carbonic acid gas into sugar and starch, and animals can live only on the "organic." Without exception, animals must feed either on plants or on each other, living or dead. They are ultimately parasitic on plants and would quickly cease to exist were plant life to disappear.

But in the great depths of the oceans, there is no light, and so there can be, and are, no plants. The animals which live there prey upon one another, or take what they can from the debris of dead animals and plants which slowly rains down from the surface waters far above them. They are utterly dependent upon that, to them unknown and inconceivable, world of light.

What now of these creatures which the dredge and the trawl bring up from the great depths? From the soft mud or "ooze," which everywhere covers the bottom of the deep oceans, come graceful sea lilies and sea pens with long stalks for anchoring themselves in the loose substratum. Even many of the sponges and sea squirts are stalked also, while the inconspicuous sea spiders of our own shores have representatives here of relatively immense size and with especially long, thin legs. Indeed, the inhabitants of these deep seas tend to extremes. They are either abnormally large, such as the sea spiders and the majority of the crustacean shell fish, or else are very small.

But it is the fish and, to a somewhat less degree, the squids and cuttlefish, both of which swim about in the continual search for prey in these deep impenetrably dark waters, which are the most curious and characteristic members of the abyssal fauna. The fish are usually coloured brown, black or silver, and are frequently of bizarre shapes, including in their numbers some of the ugliest of living creatures.

They have usually thin whip-like tails and immense mouths furnished with a ferocious array of teeth. In some the mouth is actually wider than any part of the body, while the stomach may be capable of such distension that certain of these deep-sea fish can swallow other fish actually larger than they are themselves. There is an obvious advantage in this unusual capacity to an animal which, owing to the scarcity of life in the great depths, may have to go without food for days, or even weeks, at a time. The deep-sea angler fish lie on the bottom and entice their prey by a dangling, prosphorescent lure which hangs over the widely-open mouth. Attached to their bodies are little parasites which have recently been shown to be the males of the species which are invariably fastened to the bodies of the decidedly dominant females.

It appears to be generally true that the eyes of fish get larger as we proceed from 500 to 1,000 fathoms, but that below this depth they may either get very much larger or else become very small and even disappear altogether. The same is true of many other deep-sea animals which are either blind or have relatively enormous eyes. In some fish and squids the eyes are situated on the ends of long stalks, so that, unlike all other animals of their kind, these animals may possess binocular vision.

It may well be wondered, what is the use of eyes, no matter how large, if there is no light? And this brings us to the most widespread and most remarkable property of deep-sea animals—their phosphorescence. Crustaceans, sea pens, brittle stars, sea urchins and worms, all exude a luminous slime of red, yellow, green or blue, so brilliant that one of the sea urchins has been described as a "glory of the sea." In many of the fish and the squids the production of phosphorescent light is confined to definite light organs, some of which are very complex, consisting of a light-producing area backed by reflectors and by a protecting coat of pigment. In front there is a lens which presumably focusses the light, and the whole is protected by a transparent cornea, as in the eye. The light produced by these organs varies in colour; in one and the same animal it may be blue, red and white. In some cases the light can, apparently, be turned on and off at will.

It may be, therefore, that the eyes of the deep-sea fish and squids discern not the shapes of their prey or of their enemies, but moving patterns of lights of various colours, some steady, some flashing out from time to time. Of course, phosphorescence is by no means confined to deep-sea beasts, indeed, it seems commonest in midwater animals, and is frequently possessed by animals that live always on or near the surface. In these creatures it may be that light production has no biological significance, that it is merely a bye-product of the vital activities of the animal. But with the deep-sea fauna it may have a more fundamental significance.

It was in the hope of seeing deep-sea fish and squids in their normal surroundings that Dr. Beebe and Mr. Barton designed their bathysphere and made their descent into the great depths. Dr. Beebe describes a series of coloured lights encountered at a depth of 600 feet which, when they crossed the yellow beam of the search-light from the bathysphere, were revealed as a school of silver hatchet-fish. There seems no reason why Dr. Beebe should not succeed next year in descending, as he hopes to do, to a depth of half a mile. In the bathysphere he appears to have found the instrument which is going to enable us to observe the life of the deep seas, and to penetrate the obscurities of this strangest of all backwaters off the great river of life.

C. M. Y.

PETTER THE PORTENT

Sir Ernest Petter states that the issues on which he is fighting are "so portentous" that he can spare no time to consider his views on other subjects—such as the League of Nations.

WHEN placed in a proper perspective,
How paltry those problems appear
That our logic, appeal and invective
Are wasted on, year after year!
Security—peace—diminution
Of forces by land and by sea—
Are puzzles like these for solution
By Petter (Sir E.)?

Portentous indeed—he has said it—
Are the issues his partisans stress:
Shall the mere politician discredit
The rule of the *Mail* and *Express*?
Shall the parties elect their own leaders
When noble Lord R. and Lord B.
Give their patronage all to seceders
Like Petter (Sir E.)?

Though for Press-Lords I've little affection,
Yet if I, as a jester professed,
Could take part in St. George's election,
I should give my convictions a rest;
I should plump for this paladin fearless,
For our Parliament's panting to see
A portent so priceless and peerless
As Petter (Sir E.).

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

FURTHER REFLECTIONS ON A REVENUE TARIFF

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I shall hardly know where to end in commenting on the contributions to last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION concerning my proposals for a Revenue Tariff. But I must begin by admitting a fault. I have no doubt that my critics are right in arguing that in practice the yield from a tariff at the levels I suggested would be less, rather than more, than £50,000,000. Mr. G. L. Schwartz's useful letter last week provides the necessary *data* for an estimate, though he may have let his imagination run away with him towards the end. The most difficult thing to estimate in advance is the amount of goods now imported which would be kept out by a 15 per cent. tariff. Mr. Schwartz, I gather, thinks that nearly £70,000,000 of goods would be kept out. The *Economist*, which is not likely to overestimate the advantages of a tariff, thinks that the effect in restricting imports would be "considerable." I hope that these optimistic forecasts are correct. For the saving on the dole and the gains from income tax, etc., resulting from the substitution of home-produced goods for goods now imported, will much outweigh the loss of tariff revenue. The Budget will gain more from the results of keeping goods out, than it would have gained from the tariff on them if they were still coming in. Mr. Schwartz allows nothing, moreover, for the substitution of one kind of import for another, as the result of more employment and activity at home. If the unemployed are set to work making £70,000,000 of goods now imported, the indirect result of this will certainly be to increase the imports of food and raw materials. But, taking one thing with another, I am prepared to accept Professor Robbins' upper limit of £40,000,000 as a safer and more cautious estimate than my own.

It has been interesting to see what a large proportion of the limited space at their disposal my Free Trade critics (whether in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, the *Economist* or elsewhere) have devoted to the question whether I had exaggerated the probable yield of the tariff and whether it might not prove more effective than I had claimed in increasing employment by substituting home-produced goods for imports. There could be no better indication of how little steam there is in the opposition. Not a single critic has denied that we need to increase business confidence, to relieve the balance of trade, to raise revenue, and to stimulate employment; and not one has denied that my proposal would have a tendency to do all these things. Yet surely the truth of these suggestions is of much greater importance to the nation in making up its mind, than whether the revenue raised would be £40,000,000 or £50,000,000. The *Economist* agrees that indirect taxation must be increased, but demands that it be placed "on commodities which we are fairly certain will continue to come into the country," so that the effect on confidence, the balance of trade and employment will be as small as possible. This immediately follows, moreover, on a criticism of my proposal on the ground that it will raise the cost of living. That is to say—apparently—taxes concentrated on beer, tobacco and petrol will *not* raise the cost of living. I notice that Mr. A. V. Alexander has criticised a Revenue Tariff as being a back-door attack on the standard of living, a criticism which is often made. This is, I think, a dangerous and misleading argument to use. For example, it would apply equally well to a policy designed to raise the international price-level, which almost every one agrees would be highly desirable. In the second place, it is a question of a *choice* between alternatives, none of which are attractive in themselves. In calculating the effect on the standard of living, should not Mr. Alexander allow for the effect on employment and compare the results of the *alternatives* which are open to us? I should not expect my own proposal to raise the cost of living by so much as 2 per cent, whilst a tariff limited to manufactured and semi-manufactured goods would probably be less open to Mr. Alexander's criticism than any other practicable indirect tax. Perhaps, therefore, his criticism was limited to my proposed tax on food.

I am more nearly touched by Professor Robbins' contention that a tariff, once put on, will never be taken off when the special circumstances which called for it have passed away. I know that there is a risk that this may be so. But it is a risk which circumstances demand that we should take. Nor do I rate the risk so high as he does. Several critics have asked me point blank whether there is any known case of a protective duty being taken off. That is easily answered. All the chief protective measures of my time in this country—the Hicks-Beach duty on wheat, the McKenna Duties and the Safeguarding Duties—have been repealed, though one of them was subsequently reimposed. It depends above everything on what happens to the price-level. A tariff is the natural reaction, and in my judgment a sensible reaction, to an external price-level which is falling at a rate to which internal costs and incomes cannot adjust themselves. I believe that Joseph Chamberlain's campaign was engendered in the falling price-level of the 'nineties and was entombed in the rising price-level of the nineteen hundreds. When prices are falling, we all welcome a measure which will hold some of them up; and when they are rising we all welcome what will cause a reduction. A return to the price-level of two or three years ago will make a world of difference to the national sentiment. If prices rise to their former level, and if unqualified Free Trade turns out to be as much in the interests of this country in the conditions of the twentieth century as it certainly was in the conditions of the nineteenth century, then I believe that the tariff will be taken off again. But if I look into the bottom of my own heart, the feeling which I find there is, rather, that a tariff is a crude departure from *laisser faire*, which we have to adopt because we have at present no better weapon in our hands, but that it will be superseded in time, not by a return to *laisser faire*, but by some more comprehensive scheme of national planning.

Sir William Beveridge, in his cautious comments, points out quite truly that my article of March 7th fell into two parts, and that the second, which proposed a Revenue Tariff, was exceedingly compressed. I cannot, I am afraid, in the compass of a letter express all the economic arguments, which are at the back of my head, in the degree of detail which Sir William Beveridge would properly require from me before he makes up his mind. But I do not agree with him that the connection was small between the two parts of my article. In my own mind the connection was very close indeed. My article was addressed primarily to those who have accepted the desirability of what I called an "expansionist" policy, that is to say, to the members of the Liberal and Labour Parties, both of which have accepted this programme—the programme which was well summarised in the four-fold objects of policy set forth in the leading article of last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. My point was that there are strong, perhaps overwhelming arguments, against the feasibility of such a programme, unless we secure for ourselves the breathing space which the Revenue Tariff would give. None of my critics have tackled this issue. Indeed some of them have no need to, inasmuch as they are "contractionists," in my sense of this term. For example, the *Economist*, in an article which follows that from which I have quoted, calls for "an all round 10-15 per cent. cut in every sheltered wage," and laments how far short of this the recent Railway Wage Settlement has fallen. If such "half-hearted compromise," the *Economist* continues, is repeated elsewhere, "the restoration of equilibrium and the revival of British prosperity will be tardy." I should also include Professor Robbins in this category. For he wants what he euphemistically calls "increased elasticity of local wage-costs" and a "readjustment of wages and removal of hindrances to efficiency" which means in plain English, I suppose, a reduction of average wages (or does he mean a greater readiness of some wages to rise?) and the abolition of Trade Union restrictions. So, in individual cases, do I, but not on a scale which I should expect to solve our problem. Now Free Trade, combined with great mobility of wage-rates, is a tenable intellectual position—though it presents a problem of justice so long as many types of money-income are protected by contract and cannot be mobile. The practical reason against it, which must suffice for the moment, whether we like it or not, is that it is not one of the alternatives between which we are in a position to choose. We are not offered it. It does not exist outside the field of pure hypothesis. The actual alternative is the policy of Negation. The question which I should like to put to those of the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, who believe a large reduction of money-wages to be impracticable or undesirable and accept in a general way the "expansionist" policy of the Liberal and Labour Parties, whether they consider that it would be safe, or indeed possible, to proceed with such a policy without the support of a Revenue Tariff.

Professor Robbins taunts me in conclusion with abandoning "the service of high and worthy ideals in international relations" for "the service of the mean and petty devices of economic nationalism." I know that he sincerely feels this, and that for him, as for many others, Free Trade stands as a banner and as a symbol of fundamental reason and decency between nations. Free Trade unbesmirched invokes old loyalties, and recalls one of the greatest triumphs of reason in politics which adorns our history. It is a poor retort, perhaps, to this, to say that one must not let one's sense of the past grow stronger than one's sense of the present and of the future, or sacrifice the substance to the symbol. But I can at least say that my practical aims are to avoid a disastrous process of competitive international wage-cutting, and the social strife which this would bring; to enable this country to resume the financial leadership of the world which we alone are capable of using in the general interest; and to prevent a domestic political reaction which might delay progress towards international peace and interrupt our policy in India.—Yours, etc.,

King's College, Cambridge. J. M. KEYNES.
March 16th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes, in proposing a Revenue Tariff as a cure for all our ills, seems to have completely forgotten the export trade. May I, as one who is endeavouring to make a living by exporting machinery, be allowed to summarise the position as it strikes me?

My own chief competitors in exporting machinery are Germans. I know them and their works pretty well, and have examined their competitive power carefully. Their wages average about 70 per cent. of ours. Taking this and the other principal factors of cost into consideration, I estimate on a basis of equal efficiency that the cost of production in Germany is about 20 per cent. less than in England.

The effect of such conditions on the machinery export trades of the two countries for the last few years has been what might have been expected. In 1925 we exported machinery to the value of £64,000,000; German exports were £56,000,000. In 1929 we had very slightly improved our exports to £68,000,000; the Germans with machinery exports of £103,000,000 had in four years increased their exports by 83 per cent. and left us hopelessly behind.

Taking the broader question of our export trade as a whole we find that between 1913 and 1929 the volume of our exports had *decreased* by 13 per cent., whereas the volume of the world export trade had *increased* by 20 per cent. If we had maintained in 1929 the same volume of the world exports as we had in pre-War days we should have increased our exports by no less than £250,000,000; that is to say, we should have employed an additional million workers. In fact, we should have wiped out the "refractory million" of unemployed by increased exports alone.

What makes the position more serious is that our export trade is, to a considerable extent, not on a competitive basis. The Dominions and concerns in foreign countries controlled by British capital, such as the Argentine Railways, place large orders in this country without foreign competition.

It is no exaggeration to say that our export trade is to some extent artificially protected, and that even so it is, in the words of the wool employers, "bleeding to death."

The reason is perfectly simple. Our loss of trade is due to the fact that our costs are too high. Mr. Loveday, in a recent supplement to the *Economist* attributes our loss of trade to the rigidity of our system during a period of deflation, and predicts that if we maintain our costs at the present level we shall emerge from the present world slump with a permanent unemployment figure not of one million but of two million. Professor Henry Clay has recently given his authority to a similar view.

So far as my own business is concerned, Mr. Loveday is certainly right. If wages in England and Germany can be brought to about the same level, I am confident that we can hold our own; at present wage levels, we cannot hope to do so.

Mr. Keynes and Sir Josiah Stamp have made it clear that there is much to be said for a temporary Revenue Tariff. But the one thing that is certain about any tariff is that it must tend to put prices up. The effect on export (except a few mass production trades) must be wholly bad. Can we afford to add another burden to our already over-handicapped export trade? Can we afford to lose much more of our export trade without national disaster?

Mr. Keynes tells us that he has "thought twice about domestic employment"; I should be really grateful if he would think at least once about employment in the export trade and let us have the benefit of his conclusions.—Yours, etc.,

House of Commons. **E. D. SIMON.**
March 16th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—It is sad to see Mr. Keynes reduced to the propagandist methods of Lord Beaverbrook. Lord Beaverbrook gives us his personal guarantee that, if we tax foreign food imports, the farmers will get better prices while the consumers will pay no more. Mr. Keynes invites us to believe, on his authority—for he adduces neither proof nor even argument—that his proposed revenue duties will make no appreciable difference to costs of production or to cost of living.

Even Mr. Keynes' authority will not persuade me that you can add £75 millions to the price of imported goods without raising prices. But that is not the end of the story. Middlemen's costs and profits will, of course, be computed on what the middleman pays, including the duties. This will raise the amount taken out of the pockets of purchasers of imported goods, whether for industrial or domestic use, to (say) £100 millions. Moreover, all home products must rise in price, partly because of the increase of costs (producers for the home market are to get no "rebates"); partly because prices will always rise under the shelter of a tariff. Put this at the extremely modest figure of £100 millions, and you have an addition to the burdens imposed upon all buyers, industrial or domestic, of £200 millions—a sum equal to the yield of 3s. 4d. on the income tax, not far short of the total value of imported raw materials, and vastly greater than the total earnings of our shipping. Yet this is to make only a negligible difference to the costs of production and to the cost of living!

It is true that duties on the scale proposed would not do so much mischief as this. But that is only because Mr. Keynes has grossly over-estimated the yield of his proposed duties. He has made an unscholarly, slapdash estimate, without looking into the facts, after the manner of Sir Henry Page Croft, as Mr. G. L. Schwartz has crushingly shown. He has not even made any allowance for his own "broad and simple" rebates.

We ought to be told more about these rebates. Take the working of a cotton-spinning mill, which may appear to be one of the most straightforward of manufacturing processes. Its raw cotton is to be exempted. But what of its machinery? Will there be a rebate on machinery bought from abroad, but no rebate on British machinery made with taxed steel? Or will there be no rebate at all? In the former case, Mr. Keynes will be bribing our manufacturers to buy abroad; in the latter case he will be definitely increasing their costs. I find that, apart from machinery, some sixty manufactured articles are used—some of them in very large quantities—in a spinning mill. Some of them, such as wrapping-paper and gas mantles, are already heavily taxed, and the taxes have definitely added to the costs of production. All the rest would be increased in price under Mr. Keynes' scheme. Would the spinning-mill be entitled to claim rebates (say) on the wood used in the manufacture of its bobbins? Would it have to show how many of these bobbins would be used for yarn which would subsequently be woven into cloth for export? This would indeed be a "broad and simple" calculation. But unless some such provision is made, the costs of production will be quite definitely increased; and most spinning mills are already working at a loss.

Mr. Keynes' professed aim is revenue. Ingenuity, even as great as his, could not have invented a worse, a more burdensome, or a more wasteful way of raising revenue, or one better calculated to cripple industry.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey. **RAMSAY MUIR.**

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes seeks to dismiss in a single sentence the doctrine that "imports buy exports"—the keystone of the Free Trade arch. "Some fanatical Free Traders might allege that the adverse effect of import duties on our exports would neutralise all this; *but it would not be true.*" I cannot help asking upon what authority, other than a prophetic revelation, Mr. Keynes wishes to make this pronouncement. There can be no doubt that the power of the world to buy our exports is limited by the volume of sales the world makes to us. To render untrue the corollary that tariffs will damage employment in the export industries as much as they benefit the protected employments, there must be some reason to believe that our purchases from the world will rapidly return to the pre-tariff level. Mr. Keynes gives two reasons for supposing that our purchases will increase after this necessary fashion:

1. That we can lend more abroad to fill the gap between our old purchases and our new: ". . . to finance loans by lending to necessitous debtor countries."
2. That the expansion in England, resulting from the tariff, will enable us to increase our purchases of non-competitive imports: ". . . to pay for the additional imports which the policy of expansion will require. . . ."

Neither of these arguments will bear examination. Quite apart from the fact that Mr. Keynes supposes that we can increase our lending to countries whose markets we are reducing by our tariffs, there is no reason to believe that such loans, if they were made, would give us the net increase of employment which Mr. Keynes is seeking. More lending abroad will involve relatively less lending at home, and as much employment will be lost by the fall in home lending as we maintain by the increase in our foreign lending.

But will this increased lending be necessary if the expansion of our income at home enables us to buy as much from abroad over the tariff as we did before the tariff impeded the course of trade? It is remarkable that Mr. Keynes is content to *state* that this will happen. For surely to argue in this way is to assume the point at issue. If the volume of our imports is contracted as the tariff is imposed, and the volume of our exports falls as the purchasing power of the world is thus constricted, where is there any net increase of income out of which to maintain the old value of imports? Of course, if our income and employment are increased by a tariff, our exports need not fall. But how can they be? It would be strange if Mr. Keynes is content to prove that a tariff can increase employment by assuming that it has already done so. May we have more light?—Yours, etc.,

18 Heath Road, Potters Bar. **E. M. F. DURBIN.**
March 10th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Keynes does not mention an even larger sum than the support of even four million unemployed, for the payment of which our country gets in return just as little, namely, the million pounds a day spent on the National Debt. Its size also, so much greater than in the case of any other country, explains why, as he truly says, capital cannot be profitably invested. For if money could not be invested in securities that represent no real capital—for what the money was spent on was destroyed during the war—it would have to be invested in industry. Otherwise stated, the standard rate of profit, in the absence of the National Debt, would fall, as indeed it did fall before the war, to about half its present level. Surely the conclusion we ought to draw is that the most direct solution of that part of our unemployment problem that lies within our power to solve is a capital levy for the extinction of the National Debt. It would no doubt reduce the nominal capital of the country, but would not reduce its real value one scrap. It would simply be the paying off of a vast national mortgage.—Yours, etc.,

Brailsford, near Derby. NORMAN LEYS.
March 9th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—A few test questions I suggest we should put to Mr. Keynes, and to ourselves before we accept or reject the proposal he makes.

1. "The fall of prices relatively to costs, together with the psychological effect of high taxation, has destroyed the necessary incentive to production. This is at the root of our disorganisation." Is it at the root? Have we not to look for the causes of the fall of prices relatively to costs? Low prices by themselves are not an evil; we would willingly go back to the lower prices of 1913. Costs, then, should be where we should look. Will import duties lower costs? If so, how? And anyhow, how can this radical diagnosis, if it be a true one, explain the loss of "the necessary incentive to production," when it surely is a plain fact that production has outrun, and is still outrunning, consumption?

2. If "any wise Chancellor of the Exchequer, whatever his beliefs about Protection," takes Mr. Keynes's advice to introduce a substantial revenue tariff, how is he to do it without increasing the burden of high taxation, and the psychological effect of it which Mr. Keynes says is largely "at the root of our disorganisation"? A revenue tariff is surely taxation, is it not? (It is to produce between £50,000,000 and £75,000,000.)

3. The tariff he has in mind, he says, "would include no discriminating protective taxes." It is to be a revenue tariff, but, while it is prescribed for the relief of the Budget, the physician proceeds to state its other advantages. It will increase employment; it will lead to the substitution of home-produced for imported goods. Will it? Where has gone our wider consideration of our export trade and of the effect upon it of increased costs? And why call a tariff a revenue tariff if its object is not purely revenue?

4. How are rebates to be allowed in respect of imported material entering into exports? Who is to calculate the rebate at five per cent. on the imported raw materials used in the enamel in an exported car? If it is impossible to carry such a rebate plan into effect, must we not face the fact that these "revenue" duties will add to the cost of production of exportable goods and so decrease the maker's chances in competition in the markets of the world?

5. The duties are to be removed in the event of the world prices recovering to the level of 1929. Does this mean that Mr. Keynes looks on costs as stationary? Is there no way of reducing them save at the expense of standard of living? And when prices of raw material and of food rise, will not costs rise too? It is the disequilibrium between the two which Mr. Keynes has said is "at the root of our disorganisation."

6. "Some fanatical Free Traders might allege that the adverse effect of import duties on our exports would neutralise all this, but it would not be true." So writes Mr. Keynes; but is it not appalling what millions of fanatics there must be in this country? And will any of them who, like myself, are anxious for enlightenment be convinced by his oracular: "It would not be true."

7. There are other questions, many of them, but the question I ask myself is, will Mr. Keynes answer these?—Yours, etc.,

199 Piccadilly, W. 1. B. A. LEVINSON.
March 10th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his excellent article Mr. J. M. Keynes says: "To decrease the cost of output by reducing wages and curtailing Budget services . . . will probably diminish the domestic demand. . . . Each employer . . . overlooks . . . the consequences of the reduction of the incomes of his customers." As a humble economics student may I be allowed to ask why? On the face of it, it would seem that, unless there is a change in the quantity of money in circulation, the gain to employers and taxpayers would exactly counterbalance the loss to wage-earners and those deriving benefit from State expenditure, and that the total incomes of customers, who would partake of all classes, would therefore be unchanged. But, of course, Mr. Keynes knows this and doubtless has very good reasons for his statement.—Yours, etc.,

136 Dukes Avenue, Muswell Hill, N. 10. DONALD HARTLEY.
March 9th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As one of the 10 per cent. minority who heartily disagree with Mr. J. M. Keynes' revenue tariff suggestion, may I be permitted to comment upon it?

Mr. Keynes observes that "Notoriously the competitive power of our export trades is diminished by our high standard of life." How is it, then, that the U.S.A., with its even higher wage system than ours and its equal if not higher standard of life, undersells us and, in many cases, the rest of Europe as well? The answer is, of course, that their agricultural and manufacturing organisation and technique is far in advance of ours. In action based upon a recognition of this misfortune—the fact that, commercially, we have become a backward nation—lies, I think, the remedy for the loss of competitive power to which he refers.

Does Mr. Keynes believe that, if we introduce a revenue tariff such as he suggests against foreign countries and so upset their trade balance with us, they will not retaliate in an attempt to right it? The adoption of his proposal, it seems to me, would serve to aggravate not only our own difficulties but theirs also (which are no less pressing and no less deserving of our consideration), and, ultimately, lead to another war.

The world's industrial prosperity obviously depends upon the maintenance of an uninterrupted volume of trade, just as the radiation of heat from a central heating system depends upon a free circulation of water. Mr. Keynes' plan would merely add a score or more obstructions to a system already over-choked almost to bursting point.

His proposal appears to be prompted, in reality, by a desire to support nationalism rather than international progress. He would not (presumably) advocate that London should obtain revenue from a tariff on Sir William Morris's products manufactured at Cowley, but he is quite prepared to obtain it, for instance, from ship's plates manufactured in Belgium, and yet—and this is the crux of the whole matter—Belgium's industrial welfare is every bit as important to England as Cowley's is.—Yours, etc.,

Andover. W. A. POWELL (Capt.).
March 9th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I wonder if one of the professional economists who wrote to you last week would be kind enough to enlighten me on the following question.

If imports are paid for by exports, what is the point of the exhortation "Buy British Goods"? For, according to the Free Traders, if I buy a Renault I give as much employment to my countrymen as if I were to buy a British car of equal value. Is "Buy British Goods" an utterly useless palliative for unemployment?—Yours, etc.,

King's School, Bruton, Somerset. C. H. TREMLETT.
March 13th.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—As a footnote to the letters of Sir William Beveridge and others, published in your last week's issue, may I bring the following two points to your readers' notice?

First, Mr. Keynes makes the (quite unsubstantiated) assertion that "the effect" (of his duties) "on the cost of living would be negligible." This comforting pronouncement is, doubtless, the basis of the support he hopes to get from "90 per cent. of his countrymen." Sir Josiah Stamp, however, speaking at Oldham on March 13th, let the cat out of the bag. Sir Josiah's main contention was that real wages are too high. Therefore, we must have recourse to the "third-rate expedient" of a tariff "completely generalised over all imports, so that it had the same effect on prices as nearly as possible as a general rise in the price level." In other words, Sir Josiah wants wages to fall, and, logically enough, suggests that we have recourse to Mr. Keynes's expedient.

Second, Mr. Keynes admits that his tariff would have some harmful effect on our exports. That harmful effect, however, he greatly underestimates—unless the rebates granted are to be so extensive as almost to knock out revenue altogether. But there is a further point. Mr. Keynes proposes a 15 per cent. tax on "manufactures" and a 5 per cent. tax on foodstuffs and raw materials. The effect would be to exaggerate the disparity between the price levels of these two classes of goods—already a most serious factor in the world situation. The difficulties of countries like Australia, which export "primary" goods and import manufactures, would be still further accentuated; with correspondingly harmful repercussions on British trade.—Yours, etc.,

9f Oxford and Cambridge Mansions, N.W. 1. **HUBERT PHILLIPS.**

HANGING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In justice to the supporters of Capital Punishment I do not think it is quite accurate to say, as Mr. Nevinson does in his excellent article, that the one and only reasonable objection to the abolition of the gallows is the argument that without it burglars might be more likely to carry firearms and to use them to escape arrest. Many people quite sincerely believe that the fear of death alone prevents all sorts of *other* people from taking life.

The facts elicited by the Select Committee's inquiry have proved, however, beyond any dispute that the various countries which have abolished Capital Punishment have *not* experienced any increase in murder. Not only, therefore, as Mr. Nevinson says, is the limited fear he mentions without foundation, but the whole belief that Capital Punishment is a necessary deterrent has been proved absolutely groundless. In his last book, *Christian Ethics and Modern Problems* (p. 277), Dean Inge asserted, "it has been proved up to the hilt that the abolition of Capital Punishment is invariably followed by a great increase in the number of homicides." The reports from the Governments of the abolition countries (including Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy), as printed in the *Evidence* of the Committee, have only confirmed what some of us have known for a long time, that such statements as Dean Inge's are the direct reverse of the truth.

The supporters of the Death Penalty are now endeavouring by a smokescreen of irrelevant criticism about the circumstances associated with the issue of the Select Committee's Report to obscure the facts elicited by the enquiry about the experience of abolition countries. The blunt truth is that the defenders of the gallows are now faced with two unpalatable alternatives: to support legal killing on the ground of revenge (which they call retribution) or to maintain that, although other countries have reached a higher standard of civilisation, the Englishman alone combines the will to murder with the cowardice which makes death the only effective deterrent.—Yours, etc.,

National Council for the Abolition
of the Death Penalty,
Parliament Mansions, S.W. 1.

E. ROY CALVERT,
Secretary.

CULTURAL FASCISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"A German of To-Morrow" refers to Bronnen's *Rossbach* as though he believed the spirit of this book to be the spirit of the Germany of the future. All who wish Germany well (and who does not?) will trust that he is mistaken. If he is right in his belief, then the whole civilised world (to which Germany would no longer belong) must range itself in armed coalition against this Germany of the future before it precipitates a war more frightful than the war of 1914.

Rossbach is one prolonged incitement to a war of revenge, to the breaking of pledges and treaties, and to the murder of German workmen. The vileness and the infamies it glorifies are recounted in a manner that makes the book a complete falsification of history.

If "A German of To-Morrow" does not believe me, I shall prove all I have said by quotation from the book (which, I may add, is worthless as literature).

Happily, "A German of To-Morrow" is mistaken and does not know his own country. The Germans of the past and present are too great a people ever to become Germans of a future such as he and Bronnen seem to hope for.—Yours, etc.,

Berlin. "AN ENGLISHMAN OF TO-DAY."

EPSTEIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,
Your correspondence column surely goes
To prove the truth which Mr. Epstein shows
With satire's force in "Genesis"—that earth
Was peopled from a monstrous kind of birth,
And little head, big belly mark the race,
While lack of understanding mars the face;
Which lack prevents Lord That and Lady This
From recognising their ancestral "Genesis."

—Yours, etc.,

1 Moorgate, E.C. 2. VERNON H. PORTER.

ENGLISH LECTURERS IN AMERICA

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I correct a misstatement in "H. A.'s" article on "The English Lecturer in America"? The writer says: "Miss West believes that Americans have a defensive attitude towards the English, and are therefore likely to take offence at anything an Englishman says." I do not think, and did not say, that the general attitude of the Americans to the English is hostile. Few people know better than myself that it is not. What I said is that they have a defensive attitude to any foreign comment on their country, which leads to hostility towards the person who makes it. This is not a whit more likely to happen if the person is English than if he were French, German or Italian—or name any European country you like. And I nowhere suggest that outside these circumstances was this hostility likely to appear. Since "H. A." is obviously an American, is not his misunderstanding of my article an example of its truth?—Yours, etc.,

80 Onslow Gardens, S.W. 7.
March 13th.

REBECCA WEST.

"THE PRISON"

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Aware that with regard to musical journalism I am a total abstainer, a friend has sent me Miss Cicely Hamilton's letter in your issue of March 14th.

Now, as bearing upon that male chivalry to which your critic says I owe everything, and of which his remarks appear to have been a striking example, a group of airmen were recently belittling Amy Johnson's exploit as a "mere fluke." Being challenged, they hedged, and ended by saying that it always *is* a fluke when such enterprises succeed.

It was, of course, pure chance that this fact should have come out for the very first time in connection with a female's flight, but so far no one seems to have suggested that Amy Johnson owed her triumph to the chivalry of the elements towards a woman flier. Never mind; next time an airwoman distinguishes herself too blatantly this theory will be advanced. At least I hope so, for that will be really high comedy.

Upon Miss Hamilton's idea that possibly the "virility" of my music "gets the goat" of male critics it is not for me to express an opinion. But may I perhaps quote G. Bernard Shaw? "You are totally and diametrically wrong," he once wrote to me, "in imagining that you have suffered from a prejudice against feminine music. On the contrary you have been *almost extinguished* by the dread of *masculine* music!"

(For this whole letter see *A Final Burning of Boats*, page 35. But let no gentleman who is of a bilious habit read it. I should be sorry to give anyone, even your musical critic, a bad liver attack in the treacherous month of March.)—Yours, etc.,

Woking.
March 16th.

ETHEL SMYTH.

[We are again only able to publish a small selection of the letters received. Correspondents are reminded that short letters are much more likely to be printed than long ones.—EDITOR, N. S. & N.]

Miscellany

ENTER THE ANTI-CHRIST

ONE of the brightest things about my none too resplendent car is the little badge at the front of it wherein, neatly interwoven, appear the letters "A.A." There are those—indeed, there are many—who make no bones about the significance of this attachment; to them it means "Automobile Association" and nothing more. I propose to prove to them (always supposing that they are still susceptible to such processes and that their minds have not suffered the same sad change as their morals) that they are in a state of tragic error and that this emblem conveys a much more sinister message than they imagine. I intend to show that its wearers are, in fact, the sealed of Satan—or, to give the badge its proper significance, Acolytes of the Anti-Christ, duly enrolled and registered as such. For the Middle Ages, that were wrong about so many things, were also wrong about their own legendary figure of abomination. The woodcuts of the period usually represent him as a creature with the head of a beast and feet like talons turned backwards. This branch of natural history has since made great advances. We know now that the true Anti-Christ moves on tyres, not talons, and that headlights instead of tusks are the mark of its compelling countenance.

I hope no one will assume that he is about to hear another sermon on the familiar theme that some 7,000 inhabitants of this country are "bumped off" every year in road accidents. The fact is disturbing, but not necessarily to moral values; men must endure their going hence even as their coming hither, and, once you are dead, it doesn't really matter whether you were removed by a motor car, a Great War, or poliomyelitis. But it does matter—or I should think it ought to matter, though, goodness knows, no one seems to pay any attention to the position—that a nominally Christian society should have introduced into its midst an instrument which encourages every single instinct that ethical Christianity has been advising men to suppress for nearly two thousand years. Multiply that instrument to such an extent that it becomes the most notable symptom of modern civilisation, and obviously the embodied Anti-Christ is with us at last.

Christianity says that the meek shall inherit the earth. Can anyone imagine a meek motorist? Christianity says that we should bear one another's burdens; but the A.A. issues definite warnings against offering lifts to people on the road or taking any notice of signals from people who want them. "Quite right," says the experienced motorist, "you never know what sort of a trap you are letting yourself in for." But what sort of an instrument is it that teaches its possessors to regard life as a succession of possible traps and transforms the milk of human kindness into so much cheese for the robber or blackmailer to use as bait? I was reading the other day of a discussion round a club luncheon table on what a motorist should do when, driving down a lonely road in the country, he comes on a human body stretched by the wayside. Only one of the seven parties to the discussion—a young man, rash and thoughtless—instantly said he would stop to see what help could be given. The answer accepted by the rest as obviously correct was given by an old and experienced lawyer who said, "No—you must not even slacken speed in the absence of any other reliable witnesses. You must drive on until you find a policeman; and then, and then only, you may drive back with him and see what has happened." So much for Christian charity in the era of Anti-Christ—you may play the the Good Samaritan, but only, like a fully qualified strike-breaker, after proper assurances of police protection. The first warm gust of philanthropy seems to have been somewhat sobered down. In any event, why go back at all? The man is probably dead by this time—and sooner or later the police will find the body for themselves.

As for meekness, the motorist who dared to practise it might as well put his brakes on and sit still. The whole aim is to assert yourself and give full rein to the lust to go one better than the next man. Try emerging on to a busy main road from a private drive or quiet lane. You crawl out cautiously and halt to take a view of the traffic in both directions. Will any other driver, noting your intention of joining the stream of traffic, slow down to give you right of way? My dear sir, you are not on your two feet, politely offering precedence to someone at a dining room door; you are an agent of Anti-Christ seated in one of his own engines. If you want the right of way you must take it. Seizing the moment that seems safest for yourself, you must elbow your own way into the stream and force other traffic to slow down or swerve past. If you don't, you will be allowed to sit there all day.

In the U.S.A., I am told, the "Push or be pushed" principle is not only tacitly applied but openly admitted. You must have bumpers fore and aft, and when you park your car it is better not to apply the brakes. Why? Because the method of emerging from a car park is to bump backwards and forwards until you have pushed the neighbouring cars out of your way. Why not? It is quite logical—the argument of Anti-Christ in motion applied to Anti-Christ at rest. On the road I have the faster car, therefore I shall pass you—even though the space in front of you is so small that, when I have squeezed into it, I thereby force you to jam on your brakes. In the park I have the stronger car, therefore I shall bump you out of the way—and if you leave the brakes on the bump will be all the worse for you.

This new reign of ruthlessness is universal—as in England and the U.S.A., so in France. M. Georges Duhamel has some very cogent remarks on the automobile:

> It has brought back the reign of force. What force? That of money, the only one that really counts. A man who is despised by his wife, considered a fool by his friends, and whose opinion is disregarded by everybody, gets into his car. "Good!" he thinks, "Now I am a most powerful, intelligent, and skilful fellow. Here is the road, here is the jungle. Make way for money. I know the rules, they are simple: I pass all those who are not so rich as I am. The others, of course, pass me. Nothing could be clearer."

It may be argued that, though the Anti-Christ has obviously banished charity and the Golden Rule, it has at least restored the pagan virtues of courage and self-confidence. Few things are more improbable. The official attitude towards wayfarers who ask for a lift does not suggest courage; nor is the following passage, also by a French writer who was discussing the noise problem in the *Journal des Débats*, at all indicative of self-confidence:

> If you hear a noise which suggests a Transatlantic liner about to leave her pier, you will find as often as not that it proceeds from a miserable ½ horse-power machine picked up as a bargain in the perambulator department of a cheap store. It is probably a tin car worth about 4 sous which is trying to sound like 40,000 francs.

No clearer symptoms of the inferiority complex could be required—both in the sounder of the horn and the writer of the paragraph, whose method of rebuking pride is to show his own implicit trust in riches. As for courage, shortly after the new Road Act came into force I saw four saloon cars crawling humbly behind a bicycle and sidecar which contained two of the mobile traffic police. The police were moving at not more than twenty miles an hour—a slow cruising speed—with the cars behind following their example. I turned and watched this sad and sorry spectacle out of sight—along a main road where forty miles an hour is a normal speed for private cars. Not one of the drivers even hooted to show that he wished to avail himself of his obvious right to pass the police. I mentioned this sight to a motorist of great experience who habitually drives fast but well and who has never had an accident; I said to him that it showed some motorists were cowards as well as bullies. His reply startled me. " You can't call a man a coward for not taking any risks with the police," he said sulkily. " You don't know as much about them as I do." No—but you can take what risks you like with pedestrians or other drivers. Only with the police, who might hit back, are all risks—and even your obvious rights—to be eschewed. It is evident that Anti-Christ, for all his frontal fierceness, wears a flourishing white feather at his stern.

I would not say that a man is inevitably turned into a monster as soon as he takes his seat at the driving wheel. But if he is naturally given to uncharitableness a car is his opportunity, and if he is not so given it is his constant temptation. Every one of the Seven Deadly Sins it industriously serves. Pride it fosters—as was illustrated in both the extracts from French writers. Anger it encourages—irritation is the instant reaction of the motorist who is forced to pull up or slow down, and even the amiable " Y.Y. " was writing quite crossly the other day about his driving experiences with what he called " the obstructive pedestrian and the obstructive motorist." Avarice it serves by the allied error of opulent display, and Gluttony by the creation of a false appetite that owes nothing to honest exercise. Lust—well, what about the kerb-crawlers and the closed cars that scandalise country vicars when they are drawn up in quiet lanes? As for Envy, why are some motorists for ever changing their cars if it is not because they fear that someone else has found a better one? And what could be more indicative of true and soul-destroying Sloth than to be rushed about the country at forty miles an hour—and all the time sitting down?

No, we have done it—and we might as well look the result in its horrid face. We cannot even pretend that we admire kindness and consideration for others. We have sown the wind and the indubitable Anti-Christ has arrived to ride the whirlwind. GORDON PHILLIPS.

LONDON SIGHTS

Cocoons in the Green Park.

THEY lie deep in the long grass of a knoll facing the Park Lane Hotel. Hands are hidden in pockets or held under armpits. Feet are drawn up under coats, and with heads under hats and coat collars there is no way of saying who it is that lies drawn in out of life.

Military music comes over from Buckingham Palace, where the guard is changing, and the ground vibrates with the cars rushing along Piccadilly. Sometimes a cocoon stirs, chafes hands red and black with dirt and cold, then draws in again, and this time gets deeper in, flatter down. There is no head or foot—just a half-warm centre turning in, away from discomfort.

By eleven there are still a dozen cocoons sleeping; then one sits up and makes his toilet, spitting on his hand, rubbing down his hair, retying his scarf, and shaking himself as though he had feathers. One breakfasts with his dog. He throws crumbs to birds who catch them in mid-air, and with crumpled newspapers about him containing something, he seems to have a good deal—London, music, nature and leisure.

The cocoons that are awake are as silent as those that are asleep. They sit silent inside their many wrappings. A fat old woman and a youngish man drink tea together, looking settled. A youth carries a tin pail carefully from the cabmen's shelter which must be where boiling water is, and offers the first draught to his young woman who perches respectably on a chair.

Another cocoon wakes and sits up, looking private. She readjusts the thing on her head, and looks about chilled but contained. The man with the dog is near her, and he gives a little nod. She lets her cheeks relax and lifts her eyebrows. He proffers a bag held in a nest of other bags, and she presses in her fingers till they come out stuck with the crumbs of biscuits. These are munched by both in silence, and then, a cool wind searching past buttonless garments to the flesh of the man, he shivers and looks up, annoyed, at the sky.

This makes her prod into her person for a pin, which she offers him. Just as the moment of anxious adjustment is over the grey air brightens to a pale cream and she says " 'Snice in the sun."

" 'Snice," he says.

School Was Out.

And Grandmother was bringing her two grandchildren home. She flowed into the 'bus like a striving amœba, and in her arms, but not wanting to be there, was Harry, all in blue wool except for his round red face. Ethel darted in front, perched simultaneously on three separate seats, then collapsed to where Grandmother pulled her.

" Now, dear, wait until I get the money out—don't wriggle, Harry—one two, and a half, please—let go, Ethel; you'll make me drop it—thank you—but Harry wants the tickets, dear; can't you hear what he's saying? "

Ethel snapped " He's saying ' Polly, put the kettle on.' "

" Well, dear, it doesn't make it any easier if you take it in that spirit—Grandmother understands you, Harry, dear; not so loud, love—Ethel, there is no use in your scowling like that—I am sorry if you didn't like Harry being at school this afternoon, and I know you wanted to catch the same bus as your little friend, but Grandmother couldn't run, dear, and now that I've explained I really feel—Ethel, I will not have you make faces, it shows the gold band on your teeth, and it looks dreadful——"

Harry waved his short arms and ululated " Tally tat it all adin—Tally ate it alladin——"

" Not so loud, darling; think of the other passengers. Nice tickets, yes, dear, blue; Grandmother understands you. What is he saying, Ethel? "

Ethel withdrew her tongue from its efforts to explore the furthest reaches of her gold band and answered tartly " He says ' Sally put it on again.' "

" Oh, quite so, quite so, Harry." Grandmother pulled her coat from under Harry's trampling feet, got her fur out of his grasping hands, and straightened her hat for the twentieth time. She was feeling to see if she still had her glasses when it occurred to her that Ethel's moral character was being neglected. " I wish, Ethel, you could take things in a better spirit. Everything is in the way you take it—if you could learn——"

Harry drowned everything, even traffic, with " Polly ut te tettle on," and Ethel's nerves gave way with a " Shut up! " that drowned even Harry.

Out of Grandmother's billows came " Who did you say that to, Ethel? "

But Ethel wouldn't tell, and as Harry now tried to climb up on Grandmother's chest Ethel's moral character had to go.

The Marble Arch.

Mist held the trees in the Park, and the lights on the gates into the Park. It banked up into the heavy grey sky where the setting sun burst through feebly. The wrought-iron gates looked very black, and the motors rushing out of the Park made a crunching sound from the sand on their wheels. At the Regal a small group of people standing in disciplined twos were the beginning of a queue, and though they kept their feet pointed the right way, their heads strained to watch a man who stood high up on a slender ladder placing coloured bulbs in Gamage's Christmas sign.

As it grew darker the lights grew brighter. They flicked out of the Park, they streamed down the Bayswater Road, they came up Oxford Street, and swung round and round the Marble Arch. The traffic turning, rumbling, flashing, made a pool of quiet for the Arch to stand in with its gate leading nowhere. The flagging surrounding it was untrodden and white, and the beaded plane trees beside it let their leaves fall softly to lie a delicate yellow-green in the wet. Long lines of light glimmered on the stippled surface running straight from the lamp posts, and one led to a woman in a waterproof who knelt on the pavement in prayer.

FLORIDA PIER.

BURIAL OF THE SPIRIT OF A YOUNG POET

DEAD hangs the fruit on that tall tree:
The lark in my cold hand is dead.
What meats his funeral stars decree
By their own light I've spread:
The bearded fog among the leaves
Too sad to move, excludes the air:
No bursting seed this stiff soil heaves,
Nor ever will again, when we have laid him there.

Then come, ye silent wheels of fire,
Ye birds among the tulip-trees,
And let your brilliancy conspire
In rings of visible threnodies;
And thou, heart-breaking nightingale,
Who phœnix-like for ever burnst
On thine own voice, O Philomel,
O Philomel, O Philomel,
Let not that tuneful flame now fail,
But burn in it this spirit pale
Which once was grand, but now to naught, to naught, to
naught, to naught returns.

RICHARD HUGHES.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Two New English Chamber Works

THE foreigner might perhaps raise his eyebrows at finding such men as Eugene Goossens and Bernard van Dieren referred to as English composers, but to Goossens we have certainly a just claim, while if Van Dieren's mingled Dutch and French blood hardly entitles him to be classed as an English composer, his long acclimatisation in this country makes the reference permissible. There is ample material for a study of the powerful yet gentle influence exerted on foreign artists by the climate and life of England. The power of this influence is proclaimed in a host of minor figures, and more notably in certain works of those two great artists Conrad and Delius. It is true that the two new works performed on March 10th at the Music Society's concert in Westminster hardly fitted into the average conception of "English music." The Goossens was too eclectic and the Van Dieren too individual. Goossens' Second Sonata for Violin and Piano is a brilliant but rather disappointing work. It presents us, though admittedly in a brisk and up-to-date manner, with a comprehensive review of pre-war modern music. Though there are few, if any, textual reminiscences, we continually find ourselves recalling Delius, Ravel, Strauss, Scriabin and the early Stravinsky that is in itself a composite reflection. I realise that there is nothing so sterile as time-criticism. But when an artist, once considered in the forefront of musical fashion, returns to the manner of an earlier generation, we expect to find some conviction behind the change, and it is just this sincerity that is lacking in this work.

Van Dieren's Fifth String Quartet is also more acceptable, less "modern" in the popular sense of the word than his earlier work, but with him the change of style has been more gradual and, we feel, more inevitable. Unlike so many present-day composers (Schönberg is an obvious case in point) whose modernity of style seems at times to be the result of a desperate effort to throw off the academic quality of their early work, Van Dieren began his career with a series of compositions of extreme complexity, but since then has gradually achieved a remarkable degree of clarity. His music is altogether personal in style, and cannot be crudely classed as belonging to any movement. It presents us with a rich harmonic colouring which is, however, achieved through contrapuntal means. Its dominant note is a serenity and tranquillity that is all too rare in present-day music. Rhythmically, some may find it dull, but after all, an emphasised and percussive rhythm would entirely break the curious still repose of such a movement as the lovely *Adagio Cantando* in this quartet.

The Quartet was played with great understanding by the International String Quartet led by André Mangeot, who also joined Miss Yvonne Arnaud in the Goossens Sonata. Miss Arnaud is a pianist of real distinction and capability quite apart from any distinction of curiosity given her by the popular press as "our most musical actress."

Fine Printing

The exhibition of finely printed books at Messrs. Bumpus', which was opened by Mr. Squire last Thursday, is worth a visit to all who love a beautiful book. It is a mistake, I think, to include the productions of one or two small, semi-private publishing concerns whose books have only a scarcity value; but these are almost lost among the fine exhibits of the great houses of England, the Continent and America. The revival of fine printing has followed two definite lines, since Morris started the Kelmscott Press. It is too often forgotten that, before that adventure, there was not a little admirable printing—by the Chiswick Press, by the University Presses, and by firms—to name only three—such as Richard Clay, R. and R. Clark, and Ballantyne and Hanson. What Morris accomplished, apart from his own work, was to give an impetus to the private press, and to raise the general standard of commercial book-printing. His great press was not a factory of bibelots, as we may say the Daniel press was: it had none of the characteristics of a hobby. There are a few presses represented here, Mr. Guthrie's and Mr. Loyd Haberley's, which produce fine and exquisite work, but seem more akin to the tradition of Daniel than of Kelmscott. Of successors to the Kelmscott—presses engaged in the making of hand-printed books in small numbers—the best are, I suppose, without dispute the Ashendene, the Golden Cockerel, and the Gregynog. It would be invidious to choose one of these as superior to the others. Mr. Hornby's Ashendene books will please, perhaps, the austerer bibliophile; Mr. Gibbings' Cockerel excels in the production of books which the collector is as likely to buy for their illustrations as their typography, though I know few more readable books than many of his; Mr. Maynard, at the Gregynog, made for himself a position that his older colleagues would admit was as high as any man's, and his books are as workmanlike in their beauty as any I have seen. Yet books produced in this way must always be expensive, and will seem to many people—wrongly to my mind—to represent a kind of reactionary fad. We have seen how vastly ordinary commercial printing can be improved—one has only to compare the novels of to-day with those of fifty or sixty years ago, or the many popular series with such a library as Smith, Elder's old half-crown red volumes—it remained for Mr. Francis Meynell to show that something very like mass-production could be applied to the making of beautiful books. Only the prig or the pedant would dare to patronise the remarkable achievement of the Nonesuch Press. In variety, in experiment, in audacity and in a generous width of taste the books of this house are a source of continual delight and surprise. I do not like all of them. I should not be surprised to hear that Mr. Meynell himself does not now care for the *Ruth* or the *Basia*; but what numbers of books he has made that are irresistible! The fine dignity of the Plutarch, the consummate skill of the Shakespeare, the gracefulness of the Marvell and *Songs of the Gardens*, the appropriate severity of Donne's *Sermons*, the uncanny felicity of the Milton with Blake's illustrations—these are but a few instances of the many fascinating successes secured by the Nonesuch. It may be due to poor eyesight, but I do not care especially for their popular Blake and Donne—though I can see what astonishing value they are for the money. I was very glad to see prominence given to the work of the Cuala Press. This press, under the charge of Miss Yeats at Dublin, is the only printing house run entirely by women; its books have a pleasant, home-like quality in the making, and among them have been many of the most important contributions—by Yeats, A.E., Lady Gregory, Synge, Douglas Hyde, and others—to the Irish literary revival.

I have not space to deal more than perfunctorily with other works in this exhibition which deserve high praise. For a mixture of beauty and fine utility the books of the Shakespeare Head Press are hard to beat. I began to collect them when they were tiny little volumes—there is a lovely *Nimphidia* of Drayton, and have watched the press grow until its superb successes made it one of the best known—Froissart, Plutarch, Trollope, Richardson, Pindar (two extremely handsome books), and now Spenser and Homer are among the authors represented. Among the other firms whose work must be seen are the Blackamore, the Cresset, the Alcuin, the Soncino—this firm is responsible for a glorious edition of *The Haggadah*, with some gravely imaginative and moving illustrations in colour by Mr. Albert Rutherston.

"Strictly Dishonourable"

The re-emergence of virginity as a profitable theme for books and plays is interesting. The paradox of *Midsummer Night's Dream* has, it seems, become the accepted formula. No need for Puckish herbs in these days; for Daphne holds the chase to such purpose that she has become a menace to every loose-lived Apollo who has a heart of gold and a prudent eye fixed on future responsibility. The lions take fright, the dread of what may happen after the fireworks is too much for their wicked imaginings, that is, unless they are American-Italian lions, when their thoughts turn naturally towards their old mothers overseas, cables are sent and answered, and a marriage is arranged.

This is what happens in *Strictly Dishonourable*, a quite amusing trifle by Preston Sturges at the Phœnix. With a sentimental ending as a comforting chloroform for those consciences which may begin to bestir themselves righteously in the third act, need we be so shocked and surprised at this young Virginian Daphne (modern version) who expresses so vehemently a taste for amorous adventure? Perhaps the child deserved a smacking; but allowances are to be made when a girl, disillusioned with her fiancé, visits a speakeasy for the first time, and meets a hero before whom her most cherished cinema fancy must fade. And as to the Count di Ruvo, for all his lurid past and present, typified so delicately by a set of six toothbrushes and feminine pyjamas and stockings at his flat—what could he do but react immediately to her stranded charm, and then think better of it and leave her in his apartments, alone and in a nasty temper?

So far the piece runs smoothly and, thanks to some extraordinarily polished playing, quite delightfully. Nothing could save the third act, which is a bad mixture of mawkishness and padding. Why did her fiancé come back, penitent but as objectionable as ever, to be accepted; why did she cling to him, even when her Count proposed marriage, and then change her mind again for the fall of the curtain?

I should judge that Miss Margaret Perry has been wonderfully produced. If with her eighteen summers she was capable of evolving for herself so delicately innocent and wholly unserious a portrayal of intransigent virginity as this she is going to be very great indeed in a few years' time. Her Virginian accent must be heard to be believed. Was anything more intoxicatingly liquid than her statement, "He said I would llearn to llove him, lli'll by lli'll"? Mr. Tullio Carminati played the Count with some restraint and dignity, but hardly enough romantic intensity—though doubtless that is a matter of taste. Mr. George Meeker's portrait of a bounder was superb and there was a rich expansiveness about Mr. William Ricciardi's speakeasy proprietor which endeared him to all.

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Things to be seen and heard in the coming week:

Saturday, March 21st—

Robert Mayer Concert for Children, conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.

Glasgow Orpheus Choir, conducted by Sir Hugh S. Robertson, Queen's Hall, 3 and 8.

London Violoncello School, Students' Concert, Wigmore Hall, 3.15.

Oxford v. Cambridge Boat Race.

Association Football, England v. Scotland.

Sunday, March 22nd—

Bach Choir, conducted by Adrian Boult, Bach's St. Matthew Passion, Queen's Hall, Part I. at 11, Part II. at 2.30.

London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Albert Hall, 3.

Moiseiwitsch, National Sunday League Concert, Palladium, 8.15.

"Widowers' Houses," Prince of Wales' Theatre.

Monday, March 23rd—

"Hedda Gabler," Fortune Theatre.

Debate on "Disarmament and the League of Nations," Union of Democratic Control, Livingstone Hall, Broadway, S.W.1, 8.

Tuesday, March 24th—

"Belinda," by A. A. Milne, Embassy Theatre.

Wednesday, March 25th—

B.B.C. Symphony Concert, conducted by Albert Coates, Queen's Hall, 8.

League of Nations Union, Annual Youth Rally, University College, 7.30.

Thursday, March 26th—

Royal Philharmonic Society, conducted by Ernest Ansermet, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Friday, March 27th—

Grand National Steeplechase.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THOSE who are familiar with Keats's letters will remember the Reverend Benjamin Bailey. Keats stayed with him at Oxford, where he began *Endymion;* and in his letters to Bailey he discusses life and literature in a way that shows his respect for his friend's intelligence. "Bailey," wrote Keats to his brother in 1818, "is one of the noblest men alive at the present day"; and yet Bailey's conduct is the occasion for one of the few severe moral judgments on character that we find in Keats's correspondence. Keats had, even in his boyhood, something of that tolerance which many artists only acquire late in life, which some never acquire; he is as far removed in matters of opinion from Shelley as from Wordsworth, and yet can be reasonable about either of them. At the same time, he never gives the impression of a man who cares little for the truth, and is therefore heedless of the errors of others; he lives ordinarily on a level where he cannot lose his sense of proportion with the vehemence that enables most men to found parties, embrace causes and lead crusades of opinion. Yet with Bailey, his friend, he is furious, and for a cause which many would find trivial. Bailey was a susceptible young man. When Keats was with him at Oxford he was bemoaning his treatment by "a little jilt in the country somewhere." Keats, who thought he was "in a dying state about it," discovered at the same time he was "making very impatient love to Marian Reynolds—and guess my astonishment at hearing after this that he had been trying at Miss Martin." Bailey went to a curacy near Carlisle, there met Miss Gleig, whose charms made him forget the jilt, Miss Martin and Miss Reynolds, who "liked Bailey as a brother." Keats concludes that "his conduct has been very bad. . . . Marian's obstinacy is some excuse—but his so quickly taking to Miss Gleig can have no excuse—except that of a Ploughman who wants a wife." Then Keats—it is in one of his letters to George in America—comments that the Reynoldses may learn sense from the affair :

> This may teach them that the man who ridicules romance is the most romantic of Men—that he who abuses women and slights them loves them the most—that he who talks of roasting a Man alive would not do it when it came to the push—and above all that they are very shallow people who take everything literally. A Man's life of any worth is a continual allegory, and very few eyes can see the Mystery of true life—a life like the Scriptures, figurative—which such people can no more make out than they can the Hebrew Bible. Lord Byron cuts a figure—but he is not figurative—Shakespeare led a life of allegory : his works are the comments on it.

* * *

Mr. Maurice Buxton Forman, in his new edition of *The Letters of John Keats* (2 vols., Milford, 36s.), echoes in an introduction the surprise most of us have felt at Matthew Arnold's and Coventry Patmore's monstrous attack on the letters to Fanny Brawne. I have never understood the objection to the publication of those letters; and the attack on their quality, though it has behind it the names of these two great poets, seems to me both vulgar and shallow. There are passages in some of the letters to Miss Brawne which suddenly make the reader gasp—"But, of course, Keats was right—he was a born dramatist." Suddenly his speech has the direct beauty and the unbearable poignancy of high tragedy :

> I wish you to see how unhappy I am for love of you, and endeavour as much as I can to entice you to give up your whole heart to one whose existence hangs upon you. You could not step or move an eyelid but it would shoot to my heart—I am greedy of you. Do not think of any thing but me. Do not live as if I was not existing—Do not forget me—But have I any right to say you forget me? Perhaps you think of me all day. . . . If you could really what is call'd enjoy yourself at a Party—if you can smile in people's faces, and wish them to admire you *now*, you never have nor ever will love me! I see *life* in nothing but the certainty of your Love—Convince me of it my sweetest. If I am not somehow convinced I shall die of agony.

Then what sentences of intense feeling, of dying agony are there in the dreadful letter of the summer of 1820 : "I am literally worn to death, which seems my only recourse. . . . The air I breathe in a room empty of you is unhealthy." It seems incredible that any critic, let alone critics who were poets, could fail to see the reality and the deep, passionate feeling of these letters. And the problem is the odder when we remember that they had other letters of Keats by which to judge him, especially the letter about Bailey. It is plain from that, if from nothing else, that Keats was a man to whom love, when it came, would matter supremely, a man who disliked both the "ploughman's" (by which he means the view fashionable to-day, that confuses "love" and "sex") and the man of the world's attitude to love and women, a man who kept himself poised for one flight, failure in which would mean death to him.

* * *

How is it, then, Arnold turns away a disapproving, genteel visage, and Patmore "could find nothing in these letters that deserves a much better name than 'lust,'" and fancies he detects "artifice and cold self-consciousness in his most rhapsodical outpourings"? Stupid and impertinent as these judgments are, they proceed from people who were not stupid nor apt to be impertinent. Arnold's dislike of the letters to Miss Brawne may be partly a prudish discomfort in the presence of naked passion; but Patmore's cannot be so explained, though he may have been distressed at the sight of that superior being, Man, so recklessly throwing himself at a woman's mercy. It is, however, more likely that the letters to Fanny Brawne were the occasion rather than the cause of the disapprobation expressed by many people of whom the two great Victorian poets happened to be representative. For with the publication of those letters over forty years ago the old Victorian image of Keats was finally shattered. Byron was responsible, by an idle, pitying, mocking reference in *Don Juan*, for the idea that Keats was a delicate, frail spirit who succumbed to the brutalities of Regency criticism. Far beyond the middle of last century any ordinarily cultured lover of English literature would have put Keats down as a less masculine spirit than Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, or Shelley. To-day most critics would automatically exalt Keats above the other four; and there is real danger of reading into Keats's poetry the force and the promise of Keats the man as revealed in his letters. *Endymion* is not a robust poem. It is lacking in skeleton. When a young man first passes from the early poem of Keats to the early letters he gets a shock. The humour, the liveliness, the fine sense, the wisdom seem to belong to a maturer man than the author of the poems. Now, in the mid-Victorian age, Keats had been accepted as a quiet, luscious, rather invalidish poet, with a few masterpieces to his credit—a poet to be excused much, a sensuous poet with little intellectual appeal. Arnold, by an odd chance, was the first critic to oppose this view, but his recognition of the truth that Keats is with Shakespeare did not prevent him from resenting the very self-sufficient man who emerges from the correspondence. The effect made on any reader of these letters is of a man who—save for his fatal illness—needed no man's help, who knew his own mind, was conscious of his own powers, and determined to do his best to prove them. That picture, the true picture of Keats, was strange to the Victorians, and in their dislike for it, and astonishment, they raised a controversy about the propriety of publishing the letters. "Our idol has gone—let us denounce the evidence."

RICHARD SUNNE.

NEW NOVELS

The Man From Limbo. By GUY ENDORE. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Come, Julia. By HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.

Fancy's Followers. By JENNIFER DAVIES. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Saraband. By ELIOT BLISS. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

The Wind-Labourer. By M. C. T. SAWBRIDGE. Lane. 7s. 6d.

Ships in the Bay! By D. K. BROSTER. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

Portrait of a Paladin. By VICENTE HUIDOBRO. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

Vagabonds. By KNUT HAMSUN. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

A remarkable book heads this list. Make your demand of it no less than that it shall sift and sort the world with a restless imagination that disturbs and stimulates you, and this it will do. The scene of the book is in New York, but it takes scant stock of where it is, wholly preoccupied with being in the world at all. A young man—"I"—having been fired by a really inimitable employer, decides to occupy himself by writing the life of Redland, an acquaintance who has lately died:

> In graveyards I had often seen a broken column, that is, an ornamental base out of which rises an incomplete shaft. Its termination, its capital, are nowhere to be seen. Instead, the sculptor has given us a carefully carved imitation of a sudden break. I had never, even while actually looking at such a headstone, felt the force of the symbolism. "Stone doesn't break like that," I had said to myself, and "queer that a professional stone-worker should not know the cleavage lines of the material in which he works, day in, day out." But the very artificiality of that break should have made me realise that that upper portion had never existed. Never! Never! Not in the stone-carver's yard, not lying about in the cemetery, not drawn somewhere on paper, nowhere, was the remainder of that column.

Redland's life, therefore, was, if possible, to be given a whole effect on paper. But what actually gets written is no genuine life of Redland, but something based mostly on the writer's own life as he has lived it in his particularly active dreams. "I can dream a thousand lives and a thousand deaths, but my own actual life I cannot live" (or at least he can live it only when reinforced by the love of the badly-used but essential Ella). You sit beside him as he writes of Redland, and read over his shoulder. Whether "I" or Redland is concerned in the interweaved accounts makes little difference to the assault that is made by the world of fact upon the world of imagination. Not merely attractive allusions to the obscure and the recondite, or sudden surprisingly-assorted information respecting such subjects as longevity, mosquitos, whales, the banana, teeth ("the only portion of a person's skeleton that is visible") open the doors of speculation, but the serious inquiries that arise from human suffering and helplessness, and the individual twist these inquiries take, make the following of this author's mind an exciting undertaking. The actual facts that the story recounts, and those imaginary events that are stuffed into Redland's life, are cleverly patchworked. Every reader will agree that what the writer of Redland's life makes of the few notes he was supposed to have left, constitutes as perfect a piece of delicate, significant unfolding as story-making can well yield. It may not be everybody's book. It is mine. Having paused, after reading its first sentence or two, hastily to write my name on its fly-leaf, I found that I had lost no time in being reminded of that other individual and speculative writer, the author of *Harvest in Poland.*

Pass from a book with a style of concentrated meaning to one beginning thus:

> When Julia Warren was at school in Exeter, she overheard one mistress say to another, contemptuously she fancied, "the poor child has foreign blood," but she kept her passing sense of injury and shame to herself, and for the most part forgot it. She was sixteen before she ventured to ask any questions. It had to be of her father—her mother had been dead for years—

and the contrast seems to tell you at once all the more important features of the tract of country you are to pass through. The imperturbable easy flow of *Come, Julia,* enlivened perhaps by less of Mrs. Granville Barker's individuality than in her former books, takes the dry-eyed, unsmiling but very willing reader through a difficult period of her young heroine's life. Julia is only as pathetic and perplexed as the lightly-flowing sentences will allow, and the equanimity of the tale is not disturbed by its calamities. Tragedy, finding other doors closed against it, shows itself for a telling moment where it can. "She rose and began to get ready for the night, slipping out of her dinner-dress and tossing it on the bed, where, flattened out, contorted, sleeves outspread, it took the attitude of a distress even greater than her own." An unsympathetic brother with whom she lives in the lonely valley, and the lord of the manor, a married man who loves her, between them steer the destinies of Julia, while in glimpses of a small country society there is attempted, rather dangerously, the literal description of dullness ("Let me see, Mr. Richey, was it two pieces of sugar and no milk, or two pieces *and* milk?"). Julia's touch of Spanish blood provides the possibility of her escape, and her final flight to Spain is made to suggest that she will there find liberation of mind and body—such as changing frontiers do not always afford.

Fancy's Followers provides the most modern possible version of Shakespeare's "patience . . . thoughts, dreams, sighs, wishes and tears." The opening of Miss Davies's book introduces us to the charming Julia (number two) in her "flattic" furnished from Heal's and bright with flowering bulbs, serving omelette and wit and love on an intelligent and unsentimental basis to the man who is visiting her. It then leaps into another world, the parish-world where Christopher Norton, inexperienced and earnest young clergyman, is beginning his career. The narrative is so good as to make one look for an unusual and subtle presentation of two points of view in the conflict that must follow with Julia's and Christopher's falling in love. But as the book goes on, and one suspects that to the author as to Julia all the other side is "unintelligent," "sentimental" and "muddled," one's interest turns more to the mere sequence of events. Christopher so far "grows" as to give up the Church for politics, but he is shocked by Julia's former promiscuousness and her irreligion, and, putting aside his association with her as being of the flesh, he marries elsewhere. When he meets Julia again he is once more under her spell, and begs that they may live together for a week while his wife is away ill. Julia, whose love is beyond all matters of argument and opinion, plans a dénouement which duly comes to pass, and, with the expectation of her child, Christopher is completely won at last. But Julia dies in premature child-birth, caused by shock from the abuse of Christopher's righteous mother. All this is told with economy of words and exactness of expression, and the dialogue in such varying worlds as the theatrical, the political, the vicarial, is all natural and easy. But does not the clear intelligent vision of the author focus slightly differently on that last world; and does she not too patently intend that these very spineless believers of hers shall stand condemned even by their own utterances?

Saraband, innocent of all argument, is a sensitive exposure of a girl's nervous childhood and school-days, merging into early grown-up life. The delicate, selected impressions tell no story—it is simply a case of an author identified with her young heroine, of being so close to her indeed as hardly to give her a name; farther than "she" or "her" she does not like to get from her. It is one of those books, too, that, carrying their heroines through a lifetime of feeling, end with a sound of the conclusion of all life and emotion when they are about twenty years old. But though the record is one of immature years there is no immaturity of treatment here. The slight difficulties that await the reader arise not from the author's inadvertence but from her deliberately-chosen impressionism that explains nothing. Who are all these people who, even at the mere reference accorded them become undeniable flesh and blood, but unplaced and untabulated? It does not matter; you will glean what you can, and the method justifies itself. Call a grandmother a grandmother and she becomes immediately related to certain fixed ideas; call her Lulu, and let her remain merely an item in a highly-unexplained family tree, and she is a person towards whom your mind is open. I dug out her grandmotherhood late in my acquaintance, but her personality was more real for the postponement.

The Wind-Labourer describes a girl brought up in such unnatural conditions as to reap an unnatural future. It is a peculiarly convinced study, too long-drawn-out, of an awkward and forbidding character, and the effect left on the mind is of a book with an unusual degree of artistic purpose. Very good artistry, too, for her romantic-historical purpose, distinguishes Miss Broster's *Ships in the Bay!* The time is the end of the eighteenth century, and the history that of the United Irish party's enlistment of French aid against England, with an attempted French landing on the coast of Wales. The adventures are good story-making, and the introduction of real people gives substance to the scene. Miss Broster has a witty, inventive sense of character, and a vivid Stevensonian touch in painting her visual pictures, conjuring very pleasantly to our eyes the Pembrokeshire coast, where all the later action is set.

Two translations conclude the list. The first is from Spain. *Portrait of a Paladin* is a flamboyant record composed of the history, legend and romance of the Cid Campeador, who even as a "beardless boy" provides his chronicler with baited bears and bulls and clusters of captured Moorish kings, to exemplify his powers. Señor Huidobro is a high-spirited and confident writer; he flaunts the bravura of his style, which he can sometimes use with considerable effect, and in his preface himself describes his book as the novel of a poet. Knut Hamsun, translations of whose work are certainly a national necessity, is always a fresh writer. Not merely his characters but life and events themselves seem in his books to be full of ingenuousness. The fact that Edevart, the hero of *Vagabonds*, comes from a people to whom a penny is plenty, and a gold ring a fortune, and a rare shoal of herring a world-stirring event, supplies that kind of modest background against which every stroke will tell. Edevart's adventures in love and trade, and the love and trade of a whole little community, being the biggest things in the only world this book knows, are therefore very big. The five hundred odd pages of *Vagabonds* do not include a dull one—they include one of horror; but for the most part life in these pages is merely mischievous and irrepressible, eternally up to its young tricks.

PROTEUS.

ARMA VIRUMQUE. . . .

The Rise of General Bonaparte. By SPENSER WILKINSON. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

History of the Peninsular War. Vol. VII. By CHARLES OMAN. Oxford University Press. 35s.

How pleasant to recover lost emotions from the deep backward and abyss of time or somewhere. How pleasant, and how extremely rare! For half the novelists are hard at work trying to remind us of what we felt like when we were young; yet how few of them succeed in producing anything more than amorphous sonnets on first looking into Freud. We are left with a dreadful feeling that all our memories were made in Austria. Some were, of course; even the Viennese must look backwards sometimes. But some were not; and that neglected majority is driven to rely upon chance phrases and stray contacts to revive the past. Thus, a strong whiff of floor polish has power to project me straight back into the reign of Edward VII; the cold light of Warwickshire beats down from high windows on my housemaster's polished floor and oak dining tables, where we all sit wondering how the Russo-Japanese War will end, and how long the intrepid Kuropatkin will take to relieve Port Arthur. Feet sounding in a hollow passage between two quadrangles will revive echoes of red-eared disputes about the Parliament Bill, when Mr. Asquith was the people's tribune, with Mr. Lloyd George for his younger Gracchus. And how pleasant to recover the forgotten flavour of lost Edwardian days from two substantial volumes on the apparently unpromising theme of military history.

Both are from Oxford; each is of considerable importance upon its subject; but the attraction for one reader is that both are full of echoes. Perhaps there are more in the smaller volume, where Professor Spenser Wilkinson ("sometime" upon his title page, but for me perpetual, Professor of Military History) traces the advent of Napoleon. The sudden emergence of the lean Corsican in 1796 is always exciting, and Professor Spenser Wilkinson's bibliographical adventure makes it still more so. He was concerned to trace the sources of Bonaparte's military inspiration. Had the General read Pezay's *Campagnes de Maillebois*? He certainly indented on the Ministry of War for a copy. But, no less certainly, Nelson intercepted it off the Riviera. Did he ever get hold of another?

> In 1896 I came upon the title of the book in the catalogue of a Vienna bookseller, with a note that the copy contained an inscription relating to Napoleon. I sent for the copy and ascertained that it came from the library of a country house in the Southern Tyrol. . . . It bears on the fly-leaf preceding the title page of volume I. the following inscription: "Fut oublié cet ouvrage par Napoléon Bonaparte Général en Chef, depuis Empereur des Français et Roi d'Italie, etc., etc., dans la maison de Monsieur Emili l'an 1796."

Now Emili lived at Verona; Bonaparte had his headquarters there in '96 and left the book behind, to be acquired by Professor Wilkinson in '96 of the next century—one of the most satisying and symmetrical anecdotes in all historical research.

But the book is infinitely more than a mere nest of minor information. For it contains a brilliant study of Napoleon's military education, followed by a vivid and detailed analysis of his first masterpieces. If Professor Wilkinson had done nothing more, this concentrated little book would leave us all deeply in his debt. It does much more for me, though, since it waves a wand; the muddy light of Oxford filters through dim windows into a lecture room; someone is talking about the war of 1866 and shifting coloured discs across a map. That was Professor Wilkinson; and however much one of his audience may have forgotten of his teaching, he can never fail in grateful memory of his first teacher.

The other volume wears the stout and rubicund exterior of Professor Oman's *Peninsular War*, which it completes nearly thirty years after the inception of that gallant undertaking. It deals with the last phase of the war in and across the Pyrenees; and, seventh of its line, it is fully worthy of its predecessors. Sir Charles is always rich in detail, his maps are generous, and he never hesitates to state his own convictions. His narrative is livelier than ever, and his judgments have lost none of the vehemence that once provoked Mr. Belloc to a mild, but memorable, protest. I am not sure that I am wholly satisfied with his estimate of Wellington; Tories, I think, are sometimes unduly quick to discard the political reputation of one of their few leaders who was a man of real intelligence. But the book inspires me with no impulse to controversy. Rather it recalls a pair of spectacles far down a friendly nose, a wooden cigarette-holder, and an inexhaustible succession of "shockers" suggested from the speaker's own rich experience to the Library Committee of the Union. So two formidable volumes on the technique of war transport a single reader into a nearer past. Not quite, perhaps, what their authors meant. But does that really matter?

PHILIP GUEDALLA.

THE POTTERS' TRADE UNIONS

History of Trade Union Organisation in the North Staffordshire Potteries. By W. H. WARBURTON, with an Introduction by R. H. TAWNEY. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

If the Industrial Revolution is thought of as the triumph of the machine, the old life of the Potteries, as Mr. Tawney says, survived till 1870. For pottery remained a handicraft or an art long after it had passed into the factory. The great changes that transformed the old peasant industry were changes in the quality of the ware and the facilities for marketing. In 1762 Staffordshire pottery travelled to London, Liverpool, Bristol and Hull, but it passed over the same Staffordshire roads, narrow rutty lanes, that had been used by peasant potters in the seventeenth century. Wedgwood's driving energy gave the Potteries turnpike roads and

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canals before the end of the eighteenth century. A passage in *Clayhanger* reminds us that when he was dead the interests Wedgwood had defeated were strong enough to force the Manchester and Birmingham Railway away from the Potteries. As the Potteries kept this distinct character, with the small family business as the predominant type of undertaking, the history of the Trade Unions in the Five Towns is different from that of the Trade Unions in the textile districts. As late as 1866 the custom of hiring workers for twelve months and making them liable to summons for breach of contract if they left their job before the twelve months expired was still in force. So other old customs and practices long out of date survived till 1919. Mr. Warburton describes both employers and workmen as conservative and slow moving about improvements of technique, the masters attributing their timidity to the workmen's opposition. And speaking of the establishment of the forty-seven-hour week, Mr. Warburton says that the chief difficulty came from the workmen, for "being accustomed to coming and going practically as they chose, they did not relish the idea of being tied down to set hours even to their own advantage." The workmen again were very slow to apply themselves to problems that were vital to their success, such as that of organising the women workers. Mr. Warburton shows how important was this neglected task; the women engaged in pottery increased between 1871 and 1911 from thirteen thousand to twenty-five thousand. He is a little intolerant of the schemes and plans that the Unions tried or played with, and he accuses them roundly of slackness, "walking round facts instead of facing them" from 1837 to the end of the century. But if the Potteries were conservative and old-fashioned in spirit and habits they were pioneers in one important development. For they anticipated the Whitley schemes and set up their own Joint Industrial Council in 1918. Mr. Warburton gives an encouraging picture of the working of the council, and he attributes the interest in the plan in part to the effect of the Workers' Education Association which has been specially successful in the Potteries.

Mr. Warburton's lucid and well-written history guides his readers through events which, though they happened over a small area in a highly localised industry, are full of interest and significance. All Trade Union history passes through certain phases more or less common to the country. In the thirties and forties the great movements of which first Owen, and then the Chartists, are the inspiration fill the Unions and give them sudden power. After 1850 craft Unions play the chief part, and the working-class world pursues more modest aims. Then towards the end of the century they revert to their earlier spirit and organise themselves on a wider basis. Thus in 1892 the potters were divided up among a large number of Unions, bound together in times of dispute in a loose federation, but in 1908 they were in a single Union.

The chief interest of the Potters' Trade Unions consists in the various experiments in arbitration schemes, the special difficulties of the hiring system, the efforts to deal with disease, and the growth of the present machinery. Mr. Warburton's best pages are those describing the Owenite movement. Owen said that the potters were far above the men in other trades in spirit and intelligence. But his relations with the potters were curious. Methodism was strong in the Five Towns, where indeed drunkenness and other evils called for missionary effort. The Methodists were of course very hostile to Owen, and the potters' leaders regarded them as the chief danger. Consequently the leaders, though great admirers of Owen, kept him in the background.

J. L. HAMMOND.

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ERNEST NEWMAN in the *Sunday Times.*

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NEW LIGHT ON AFRICA

Africa View. By Julian Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 15s.

Professor Huxley's Africa view is mainly an East African one, and this book, which is the fruit of a four months' journey in 1929 through Tanganyika, Kenya, and Uganda, drops plumb in the middle of a bitter controversy. Professor Huxley went out to look at the state of native education. But the eye of a trained biologist naturally focuses a large field of view, and Professor Huxley brought back not only welcome details about African schooling, but also news of a number of things from the tsetse fly to elephants, including man. Judged merely as a record of travel, this book stands well above the average. This eye has really observed, this mind has grouped and connected, this quick and generous spirit has accomplished a notable work of interpretation. One of the photographs shows Professor Huxley paddling in a mangrove swamp, intent on photographing a fiddler crab. To him it is as important to understand why and how a fiddler crab grows its enormous claw as it is to understand the behaviour of a Kenya settler or a Kikuyu woman. Each is an organism maintaining itself in a particular environment, and progress, for each, is the problem of adjusting its growth to the pressure of its surroundings. This perspective, with its elongated time-scale and its formidable inclusiveness, is strange and perplexing to the hugger-mugger world of politics, trade, and colour conflict. The coffee planter, struggling to get a living from African soil and "nigger" labour, is unwilling to bombinate in a biologist's vacuum. The politician, legislating for peace in his own time, is much inclined to let ultimate racial development fight its own battles. Yet it is very salutary to follow Professor Huxley in turning the African problem inside out. No harm is done in remembering that Central Africa was there before Livingstone, or that the black man may inherit the earth long after mandates have ceased to trouble. It is because Professor Huxley makes us stand back and adjust our eyes for a really long view of Africa that his book is large in scope and achievement as well as in bulk. There is something here for everyone. People who are more interested in tsetse fly, big game, and the strange geography of the Rift Country than in colonial White Papers will find plenty of vivid descriptions of things seen. And those who are really concerned to make up their minds why we are in Africa and what we should do there are invited to some hard thinking. There has been plenty of plain speaking from the man on the spot, and no lack of political propaganda. Here for a change is the cool, undogmatic and tentative statement of scientific humanism.

Africa has long been a magnificent hunting ground, and now that sportsmen are abandoning the gun for the camera Professor Huxley suggests that a like change from the methods of the chase to those of the laboratory should transform our dealings with the native. The missionary has been after his soul, the trader has been after his labour, and the administrator is now trying to make a neat job of the general rounding-up process.

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But it is clear from chapter after chapter of Professor Huxley's tolerant survey that the job is far from being a tidy one. The native is not merely—not even primarily—a heathen with a soul to be saved and a nakedness to be clothed; nor a nigger with sinews to be pressed into the service of European markets. He is an organism of arrested development and largely unknown potentialities, whose energies are to be released in order that he may work out a fuller life for himself. We are not in Africa to give the African just so much Christian doctrine and arithmetic as will fit him for that station of life to which the economic possibilities of his soil and the needs of the British Empire call him. Nor are we there to shove him, a noble savage, into native reserves while we get on with Africa ourselves. We are there—Professor Huxley argues—in the position of a scientist at the beginning of a great but doubtful experiment, of which our control is imperfect and the issue uncertain. We know almost nothing of these millions, of diverse races and customs, who have never learnt to build in stone or to use a plough, to whom the manipulation of a general idea is bewildering magic. It is certain that *some* impact with western ideas is necessary to give the African a start, but the size of the educational stimulant, and even its ingredients, are doubtful, and Professor Huxley is most illuminating in his descriptions of the various types of school and curriculum which have been set up in the three East African territories, and in his analysis of their results. He concludes that while most of the work is promising, several generations of experiment must elapse before we know either what is best to teach the African or the extent of his response. Meanwhile, Western science has two great tasks in Africa. One is to rid the native and his cattle of the ravages of tse-tse, hookworm and tapeworm, and so open the way for intensive application of agricultural research. The other is to bring elementary medicine and hygiene into the native communities. The political issue, with the tom-toms of Kenya-ism at full throb, is necessarily doubtful. Professor Huxley pleads for a patient extension of indirect rule. To quote his concluding words:

> I see Central Africa as the one continental bulk where the step from barbarism to civilisation has not yet been taken; the one major region of the world still free to achieve a new civilisation without destroying an old. And I see England as the country which has the greatest opportunity of helping Africa towards such a future.

A HISTORY OF THE ARGENTINE

A History of the Argentine Republic. By F. A. KIRKPATRICK. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

Few of the Latin-American nations in the nineteenth century provide such a remarkable record of political and economic development as the Argentine Republic. In the days of the Empire it was an obscure and distant province under the viceroy of Peru, and only as late as 1776 was it raised to the dignity of the viceroyalty of the River Plate. After independence had been secured it suffered like most of its neighbours from many of those difficulties of formation which sprang from a natural lack of political or geographical cohesion and which in the case of Argentina was emphasised by the antagonism between Buenos Aires and the provinces. In the end two of these broke away. The Banda Oriental made Montevideo the centre of an independent government and became the Republic of Uruguay. Paraguay remained aloof and formed itself round Asuncion. The general growth of importance of the River Plate provinces foreshadowed the beginning of a national consciousness. But it was to come slowly and indirectly.

It was preceded by the British invasions firstly of Popham and Beresford and later by that of Whitelocke. Even though Popham had made plans with Miranda for the declaration of independence and Beresford had proclaimed it when he captured Buenos Aires with the assurance of support against Spanish reconquest, it is very questionable if it would have been supported in face of the still strong racial loyalty to the mother country. Instead Beresford demanded submission to George III. That action roused the people to take up arms against foreign invasion. Their success proclaimed their power; and their action in demanding the appointment of Liniers as commander over the head of the viceroy Sobremonte showed them that they could make their wishes effective. The British attempt at reconquest under Whitelocke ended in his surrender with 5,000 troops. By May, 1808, the Spanish king was in exile. Later the fall of Seville and of the Central Junta in Spain prepared the way for the final step, since the king, the only real link between the colonies and the home government, had disappeared in the chaotic state produced in the mother country by the installation of Joseph Bonaparte. Everywhere there was a confusion of governments. Then Belgrano, Moreno, Saavedra and their associates took up the conduct of affairs, and on May 25th, 1810, a provincial junta was formed, though still governing in the name of Ferdinand VII. By then, however, the final declaration of independence was merely a question of time and circumstance.

The attaining of independence, helped by the attitude of the United States and Britain, was one thing, but the making of a nation was far harder. It was not until the end of the Paraguayan war fifty years later that Sarmiento's presidency was to inaugurate the more stable conditions of modern Argentina. But it was a difficult task, for, as Mr. Kirkpatrick says, the problem was one of "holding the balance of an incomplete constitution during the period of unstable equilibrium." After the revolution of 1880 the national organisation may be said to have been completed, for it secured that the interests of the provinces should not be outweighed by the predominance of Buenos Aires. Speaking of the municipal period Mr. Kirkpatrick touches on the cause of those difficulties in national formation:

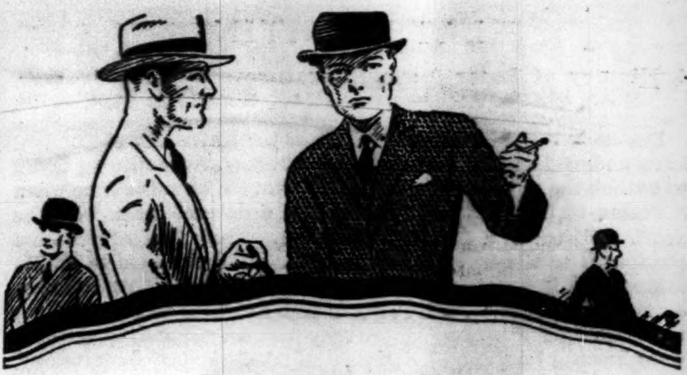
> The very success of local institutions hindered united action. A strong regional or local sentiment everywhere prevailed, finding expression in the municipal action of each separate *republica*. The separatist and divergent movements of the nineteenth, the difficulties of union which were only overcome through a long series of conflicts and experiments, had their roots in earlier generations.

Mr. Kirkpatrick has touched on all the aspects of the history of Argentina, and has carried his narrative down to the deposition of Señor Hipolito Irigoyen in September, 1930. The introduction by Professor Temperley on Canning's recognition of the new country is admirable. On reading this volume one is struck by one fault. As a history it is too short. Mr. Kirkpatrick writes well enough to make additional material on such subjects as the character and social conditions of the people well worth reading. As it is, with all its good qualities, the history gives one a feeling of being hurried from political crisis to political crisis without a sufficient explanation of motives and of sources. In a country where persons are more important than policies it is essential to know as much as possible of people and conditions.

THE WAYWARD POET

Abraham Cowley, the Muses's Hannibal. ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT. Oxford. 12s. 6d.

One poem in *The Golden Treasury*, five in the *Oxford Book*, are all that remain of Cowley in the two collections of verse for the multitude, or in Cowley's own phrasing, for the great vulgar. Nor has he any strong faction, like Donne, hanging on his words in quiet, with noisy outbursts at any detractor or suspected detractor: into the barely remembered the *Muses's Hannibal* has been pushed. By Palgrave's time Cowley was at his nadir; since then he has risen a little on the skirts of the metaphysical poets and the Caroline songsters. Like Milton and forgotten Wither, Cowley was one of those poets who considered himself born for fame and devoted his life to catching it and steadying its foundations. Unlike Milton he was not certain of the line he should take. Milton, after his early experimental years, sacrificed everything for *Paradise Lost*. To the young Cowley things came more easily than to the young Milton. At thirteen, or at most fifteen, he published his first book of verse, and with it his fame began. In later life he wrote, "Begin: the getting out of doors is the greatest part of the journey," but after getting out of doors the road must be decided upon and Cowley could never decide—he wandered and was lost. After his *Poetical Blossoms* he began a religious epic, *Davideis*, and with that still unfinished became Waller's chief rival as love poet to the English court in Paris; when Sir William Davenant produced his *Gondibert* Cowley wrote whole-heartedly in favour of the naturalism of Davenant and his preceptor, Hobbes. He changed again, two or three times before he died, to be buried beneath an epitaph at which no poet could carp. Cowley's life was like his poetry, a continual drift from one thing to another. After being first at Cambridge and then at Oxford he joined the Jermyn family and followed Henrietta Maria into exile in Paris to be employed for a while in



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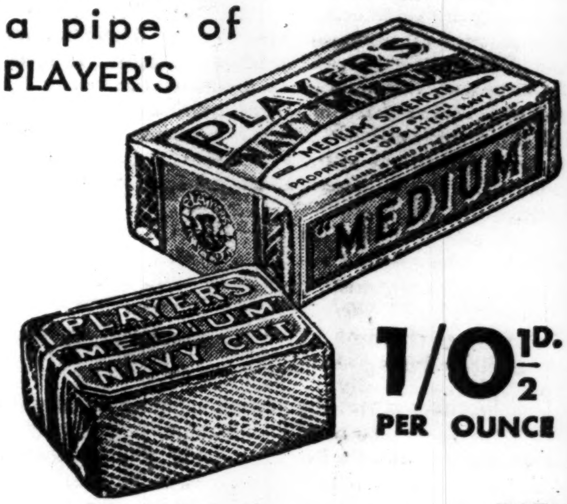

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ciphering and deciphering code letters. He came back to England as a spy, was captured and ordered to renounce his Royalist principles, which he did with logic if without gallantry. He later became a doctor until his retirement to the " small house and large garden," which he had always claimed to desire, where he died before he was fifty.

Cowley wrote of poets :

> And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones ? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receive heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and a sharp winter ? A warlike, various and tragical age is best to write of but worst to write in.

Mr. Nethercot is inclined to agree with him, but the fact is that Cowley was a quiet gentleman and a quiet, gentle poet ; in a smoother period he would probably have reached near the acme of quiet verse, but the noise and excitement about him frightened him into his waywardness. Milton was able to transcend the gunfire of the seventeenth century, Byron and Shelley gloried in the clangour of the early nineteenth century, but Cowley had better lived the more peaceful, less eventful life of Herrick or of Tennyson.

Mr. Nethercot is an American antiquary and handles his subject with little artistic feeling ; it is slipshod and tedious, sub-edited scissors and paste with a host of irrelevant if spicy facts concerning seventeenth-century English customs, English and French history and various more or less important personages, serving to pad out an otherwise colourless life of Cowley. He might have called it *The Seventeenth Century, Starring Abraham Cowley* (a century in a book, here's some three dollars' worth !) He has, unfortunately, practically no illusions, and no fresh opinions, about his poet, but keeps to the safer course of quoting others for his criticism. Admittedly Mr. Nethercot's scholarship is adequate—witness the intimidating bibliography and the interminable footnotes, giving authority for everything he says. Therefore his book may be catalogued as suitable for the student, who may well wish that some writer of imagination and personality would re-digest these almost indigestible works and serve them up in some manner related to the fine prose and verse that he is studying.

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LATER LATIN

A History of Later Latin Literature. By F. A. Wright, M.A., and T. A. Sinclair, M.A. Routledge. 18s.

Professor Wright and Mr. Sinclair of the University of London, have undertaken and accomplished a rather overpowering task : to outline the development of Latin literature from the time when it ceased to be " classical " till it died a natural death with the death of Latin as a universal language. Their field covers from the fourth to the seventeenth century. It is the kind of undertaking that German scholars fail to squeeze into seven volumes, or into a lifetime. And even in this tolerably slender volume there are signs that, long before they reached the end, the authors were excusably scant of breath. A more modest undertaking, which stopped short with the thirteenth century, might have been brought to a more successful close. Sixty-two pages are not sufficient to give an approximately useful sketch of renaissance Latin. After the 330 pages devoted to the earlier periods, it looks as though the authors had wearied of their task by the time that they embarked upon the fourteenth century. Of Pope Pius II., author, among many other things, of an incomparable and invaluable autobiography, they say nothing except that Leo X. surpassed him in Latinity, and of Leo nothing except that he was an excellent patron. Casimir Sarbiewski is mentioned only in a catalogue of names, of which the authors say, " To give details of these is here unnecessary." Surely the author of *Omnibus mundi Dominator horis* deserved more respectful treatment, especially as Cowley, whom Dr. Johnson ranked with Casimir, is given a page. Erasmus, on the other hand, is so well known that he might well, in a book of this kind, have left more room for those writers to whom the average reader does need introduction.

On the earlier periods the book is admirably clear and detailed. A better introduction could hardly be required by anyone desiring to leave the classic groves and see what Latin could do, when permitted to run a little wild. The Latin of the Middle Ages has all the charm of a highly-cultivated rose that has been allowed to slip back to a state of nature, and perhaps it is their affection for the wild rose that has caused the authors to do rather less than justice to the Renaissance variety. They do not deny that the earlier prose works are full of *longueurs*. Especially illuminating is their quotation from St. Augustine's summary of the *City of God* : " In these ten books, those two futile opinions . . . are refuted." Too many early theologians wasted good paper refuting futile opinions which have to-day lost whatever value they ever possessed. But at the same time, Messrs. Wright and Sinclair direct us to many treasures that deserve to be read, not only by scholars : the letters which take us right into a forgotten world, Cæsarius' *Dialogue of Miracles*, Liudprand of Cremona's histories, Paul the Deacon's *Historia Langobardorum*, Hroswitha the nun's plays, to mention a few at random.

The chapters on poetry should be read alongside the *Oxford Book of Mediæval Latin Verse* and Miss Helen Waddell's *Mediæval Lyrics*. They rather underestimate Alcuin, denying him the *Contest of Winter and Spring*, which Miss Waddell has assigned to him with fairly cogent reasons. If we may judge by the verse translations printed here, Miss Waddell is the better judge of a poet's style. On the whole, Messrs. Wright and Sinclair are less interesting in their critical pronouncements than in the clear, well-balanced accounts they give of the life and works of each author, and the many admirable quotations. It is as a history of the period, rather than as a commentary upon it, that this book will be found useful. And, quite irrelevantly, how odd to find them saying that Time and Man are the " only enemies " of beautiful things! Have neither of these gentlemen ever possessed a dog ? There is an excellent bibliography and an index.

A DEFENCE OF LIMEHOUSE

Limehouse through Five Centuries. By J. G. Birch. Sheldon Press. 5s.

The bicentenary of the consecration of St. Anne's Church, Limehouse, has provided its rector with a happy excuse for his book. He undertakes the defence of a parish whose name bears unfortunate associations. Shakespeare, or the author of Henry VIII., refers contemptuously to a rabble as " the limbs of Limehouse." A speech which Mr. Lloyd George

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delivered within its boundaries caused Limehouse to supplant Billingsgate in idiomatic significance. More recently the writers of shockers have crowded it with opium-dens and murderous orientals. Mr. Birch makes history his advocate against the legend, and has little difficulty in proving that Limehouse should rather be a name of grateful mention to English ears. It was the home of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of William Burrough, Controller of the Navy and terror of pirates, and of such Elizabethan captains as Bradshaw of the *Centurion*, Welsh of the *Richard of Arundel*, Davis of the *Ascension*, and Wilde of the *John*. The yards of the great shipbuilding family of the Petts were there, and it continued to furnish vessels of importance up to the Victorian days of Dunbar and Curling. Our naval and mercantile marine are heavily indebted to Limehouse, while in the matter of seamen's charities it also sets a fine example. In the eighteenth century it was something of a health resort. Its most honourable literary ghost is Captain Cuttle, while Dickens, whose godfather, Christopher Huffham, was a Limehouse man, endowed the parish with that excellent public-house, "The Six Jolly Watermen." A later native was Jerome K. Jerome. So Mr. Birch has material for a good case, and uses it well. He has plenty of parish records on which to draw, including the amusing report-book of Mr. Fenn, the workhouse master in 1830. He most fairly gives the very conflicting criticisms upon St. Anne's, of which Hawksmoor was the architect. We may leave the casting vote to Defoe, who praised "its very beautiful tower." With regard to crime, Limehouse is actually very disappointing. The old records contain nothing more lurid than petty thefts, while the fratricidal traditions of the Dagger House are based on scanty evidence. The Chinese, in sober truth, have not made the annals of Limehouse proportionately darker than that of many London districts with a better name, though the opium gives them an especial mark. Mr. Birch considers the orientals in general as inoffensive inhabitants. The book is clearly written, interesting and well illustrated. Limehouse is vindicated.

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Memoirs of the Crown Princess Cecilie. Gollancz. 15s.

The Crown Princess of Germany is evidently a woman of many virtues; her book of reminiscences is as discreetly dull as any that has been produced from the ruins of the Prussiah Court. She describes her childhood's days in the Grand Ducal castle of Schwerin, her holidays on the Riviera, in affectionate detail, and a great deal of space is devoted to her courtship and marriage. In an anxious and disappointed life her marriage seems at least to have brought her continued happiness. The book is in places redeemed by a note of wistful sincerity, and no one could be left unconvinced of her real love and admiration of the Kaiser and the late Kaiserin (who emerges a most gracious and endearing person) and of her own husband. Indeed she looks in half-angry, half-pathetic bewilderment on that world of vindictive and blind enemies who have so maligned her beloved heroes. Her defence of her father-in-law and of the Crown Prince himself is less a piece of special pleading than the outpourings of an injured woman, injured one suspects chiefly by the apostasy within the Reich itself.

Impacts: Sketches of Travel in the United States and Elsewhere. By Douglas Goldring. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Douglas Goldring has put together one of those light volumes of travel, inconsequent in arrangement, but frequently lively and entertaining. He gives first place to his visit to the United States, but this seems to have been both short and uneventful, and he has little new to say about such aspects of American life as "speakeasies" and "necking" and the prevalent Anglophobia. He is at his best when he is looking back reflectively on his experiences from a café on the Riviera and skilfully recording argumentative conversation with his friends. Mr. Goldring has a talent for chance acquaintanceship, and there is not one of his sketches that is not enlivened by the intervention of his companions. One of his chapters is solely devoted to character studies; but the best of his essays concerns a visit to Riva and the dog-like devotion of one Stephano, a dago limpet, whose invitations to "joyful walks" become at last a menace. It is not necessary to know the Mediterranean shores with the intimacy of Mr. Goldring to enjoy his sketches.

Bux: A Story of a Circus. By Hans Possendorf. Translated from the German by Agnes Platt. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.

"Bux," say the publishers, "is a most enchanting hero," and we cannot help feeling that they have used the wrong word. "Enchanting" is surely too light an adjective to describe a hero who is at once doctor, veterinary surgeon, and world-famous clown; whose decorations *include* the Iron Cross, the Turkish Iron Crescent, Orders of Bulgaria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Portugal, Greece, Roumania, Sweden, Denmark, two from Spain, a Star from Haiti, and the German and Italian Orders of Merit; who has been tried for three different murders, is married, has divorced his wife, and is on the point of remarrying—and all before the day when he finds, incredulously, that he is only thirty-three. And Kreno's Circus is worthy of its hero, possessing "its own newspaper department, library, laundry, and fire-station, its own electricity works, insurance office, its carpenter's shop, locksmith, tailor and smith . . . and a personnel of seven hundred people." There is an emotional basis of tears-behind-the-grease-paint; and love affairs develop between Bux and two beautiful heroines, one a hard little flirt, the other a pure, tender-hearted child of the circus. It is difficult, in fact, to regard Herr Possendorf's book as anything more than a joke, and one scarcely worth translating.

The Pleasantries of Old Quong. By Thomas Burke. Constable. 7s. 6d.

These fifteen stories of Mr. Quong, some horrible, some odd, some ironical, are informed with a hard vitality and an ancient and implacable wisdom. They are retold by Mr. Thomas Burke in a witty and beautiful prose which is yet essentially subordinated to the unswerving progress of each narrative. Perhaps "The Hands of Mr. Ottermole" is the most terrible and exciting of them all, but there is an intensified and scarcely definable horror in some of the less spectacular stories, and notably in "Desirable Villa." The sixteenth and last story is of different texture, and seems, by the substitution of sentiment for emotion and picturesque realism for reality, unworthy of inclusion in the same volume. Mr. Burke has communicated to the written word that indescribable *something* which is the essence of the story told by word of mouth, and which grows partly from the personality and flesh-and-blood actuality of the teller; and depends not only on his words, but also on his "large and opulent silences." The personality of Mr. Quong pervades the whole book; and in every story he tells, he allows us to make his mind and the diversity of his experience a window through which we may look out at the world, yet not his world, but ours. And that is real story-telling.

Juan in America. By Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Parts of *Juan in America* are very funny, and most of it is amusing. Yet the book as a whole is a failure, because Mr. Linklater has tried to do more than he is capable of doing. Had he been content merely to use America as the background of an extravaganza of musical comedy madness, he would have had full scope for his talent for ornate farce expressed in ornate language, and his book would have been sheer fun. As it is, the fun is frequently suspended while Mr. Linklater

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attempts serious satire. But circuses and satire do not mix. Satire is not effective unless the people or the institutions that are satirised are made to seem real, however abominable they may be. But the essence of Mr. Linklater's fun is that he abandons reality for a world of fantastic and crazy exaggeration. His characters are clowns—zestful and exhilarating clowns, to be sure; but they cannot suddenly become serious comments on transatlantic life. Occasionally Mr. Linklater finds a subject that cannot be exaggerated, such as an American Presidential election, or a party in Hollywood. These incidents become more and more true to life the more frantically Mr. Linklater tries to burlesque them, and for a moment the two elements of the book form a harmonious whole.

The Negro In American Civilisation. By Charles S. Johnson. Constable. 20s.

Deeply sympathetic, but never sentimental, Dr. Johnson's study reviews, if it does not solve, every problem presented by the American negro. Age-old axioms such as those which relate to the uneducability of the negro, his essential cultural and biological inferiority, his natural thriftlessness and shiftlessness are put to the statistical test and found to be bolstered by all manner of fallacies. The confusion of nature with nurture is seen to be profound whenever the economic or social claims of the negro are considered by those who despise his colour and fear his competition. Dr. Johnson demonstrates how difficult it is for the negro to secure a decent environment in which to demonstrate his capacity; and the discussions of housing problems, education problems, and playground problems, as they affect the negro demonstrate how complicated they are. Thus segregation may improve amenities, or, as in schools, improve the ultimate status of the negro by opening the professions to him; on the other hand, it emphasises the allegation of inferiority. Dr. Johnson is particularly interesting when he discusses migration, and the entry of a million negroes into the Northern industries during the past ten years. Particular stress is laid upon the negro vote, Dr. Johnson declaring that while no one knows how any body of men will use their political power, no body of men can raise its economic and social status while deprived of such power.

A History of English Elementary Education, 1760-1902. By Frank Smith. University of London Press. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Smith's book is not only a history of elementary education in this country but also a profound study of poverty as it affects the well-being of the child. Mr. Smith opens with a summary of industrial conditions before the Enclosures had turned the English peasant, with his definite status and grazing and other rights, into an ill-paid day-labourer; and before the workshop and factory system had broken down the old handicrafts by means of which households, and villages, and even small towns, were to a great extent self-supporting. This summary strikes the dominant note of a book; which throughout, though all the facts are duly marshalled, is deeply imaginative. The story of the fight for the education of the poor, of the slow growth of sound principles of education and of the early educationists such as Lancaster and Bell, of Sunday Schools and Day Schools, and of the rationalist experiments of Owen and others, is told in a way that makes pedagogics exciting.

About Motoring

THESE LOW BODIES?

FASHION makes slaves of us all. In the Prince Consort's days great personal courage was the only escape from sidewhiskers and a silk hat, though genuine heroes could unquestionably appear in Bond Street with a soft shirt open at the neck, and bare knees protruding from a pair of flapping shorts. To-day a corpulent modern, standing six feet or more in his socks, is practically compelled to buy an extremely low saloon car. If he parks it alongside the kerb, and stands on the pavement, he can usually rest his elbows on the roof without stretching. This wholly absurd fashion originated in certain technical considerations. This is an age of speed, and wind resistance varies as the square of the speed. Consequently, if the front elevation of a car could be reduced by a few square feet, more speed could be wrung from a small engine. For similar reasons Segrave and Campbell in their speed records were seated low down between twin propeller shafts or to one side of an offset shaft. Furthermore, speed embodies fast cornering; and any tendency to capsize or to skid is countered by keeping the centre of gravity close down to the road surface. Thus the research engineer developed a scientific tendency to keep the frontal area of his car as small as possible; he was limited to a certain minimum width by considerations of stability, and his sole resource lay in reduction of the height.

When the engineering side had decided on their specification, the artists (if any) in the coachbuilding shop got to work. Thinking in terms of line, they rejoiced exceedingly. Reminiscences of the lines of rakish piratical galleys, operating from Algerian ports, leapt to mind. They swiftly evolved a car consisting mostly of bonnet, but capped somewhere in the hinder half of the chassis with a low pillbox, beneath which two people could squat in moderate comfort, or four in genuine discomfort. They named the atrocious result a "close-coupled sports *coupé*," and boosted it with all their powers. It looked fast and dashing. It was decidedly stable when driven fast; and it was possibly a mile or two per hour faster in still air than the loftier and more comfortable bodies which it displaced. (Against a strong head gale its speed vantage might reach some such figure as 10 per cent.). In all fashions there is an inherent tendency to exaggeration, which normally spends its force and touches absurdity before the pendulum swings. If Paris decrees a short and rather tight skirt, the next phase is a positive indecent brevity coupled with a tightness which limits a hockey International to the mincing steps of a Japanese geisha. Finally, everybody heaves a sigh of relief as skirts suddenly revert to length and looseness. This process is probably on the brink of operating in respect of saloon bodies. The next phase will almost certainly restore bodies of rational contours and dimensions; but a healthy public opinion will assist a return to sanity, especially as next year's bodies are planned a full year in advance. The mass production firms require a complete new kit of dies wherewith to stamp out their steel coachwork; and if the public evince a slavish satisfaction with the squat roofs of the moment, we may be saddled with them for another year. It therefore remains to consider why these squat cars are bad.

* * *

The plutocrat does not buy cars on which an average girl can rest her elbows. His car has a door which can be entered, as a house can be entered, by a man standing erect; he escapes the humiliation of creeping in on all fours. He does not leave the car as a carpenter might test a coffin for fit, by sliding his feet out first, and supporting himself with stiff arms to avoid sitting on a possibly soiled floormat. The silhouette of the plutocrat's car is similar to that of a £250 model, but on a larger scale. He is permitted to retain comfort merely because his car is so huge that the fashionable proportions of the moment can be obtained without sacrifice. A close-coupled sports *coupé* on—for example—a straight-eight Isotta Fraschini chassis—will merely be an enlarged replica of a similar body on a £250 mass-produced chassis; but the enlargement will make all the difference to comfort. Incidentally, the occupants of the big car will be able to see over the hedges; whilst travellers in the small car will find their side view limited to a couple of tapes of green apparently moving at high speed. But interesting technical conclusions follow from the plutocratic car. It is, of course, very much faster than the small car; but despite its surplus speed it is safe. Ergo, the engineer confesses that a very low centre of gravity is no longer necessary to stability in cornering. So one of the technical excuses for absurdly low vehicles has evaporated in pure guff.

* * *

The same may be said of the effect of wind resistance on speed. The big car—our Isotta—can no doubt touch its 90 m.p.h.; and if we gave it the low roof of a sports 9-h.p. the reduced wind resistance would raise its speed to possibly 95 m.p.h. But our plutocrat does not yearn for that final 5 m.p.h. between 90 and 95. For one thing he could hardly ever use it, if we gave it to him; for another the last few hundred revolutions per minute of an engine are almost always disgusting, being accompanied by an *obbligato* of noise and vibration. Precisely the same reasoning applies to a sports 9-h.p. Its indefatigable owner can obtain, say, 60 m.p.h. all out, provided he discovers a long stretch of empty road. On occasions he attains this speed in order that he may boast about it to neighbours, whose cars cannot be induced to exceed 55 m.p.h. His sensations at that speed are disgusting, for the engine probably feels as if it were about to burst; and it would actually burst if the road permitted him to maintain that speed for many miles at a time. So, being moderately sane, he achieves this speed once or twice, so that he may brag truthfully; and ever afterwards eschews opening the engine right out. If he were given a reasonable body, his maximum speed in still air would drop—perhaps to the extent of 2 m.p.h. This would entail no hardship that is not purely sentimental. He and his passengers would experience a substantial addition of comfort. The side view from the car's windows would top the hedgerows. The car would be no less safe and stable. In other words, the ultra low body is a good example of the absurd tyrannies imposed by fashion; and the sooner we revert to higher and more capacious coachwork, the better for everybody.

R. E. Davidson.

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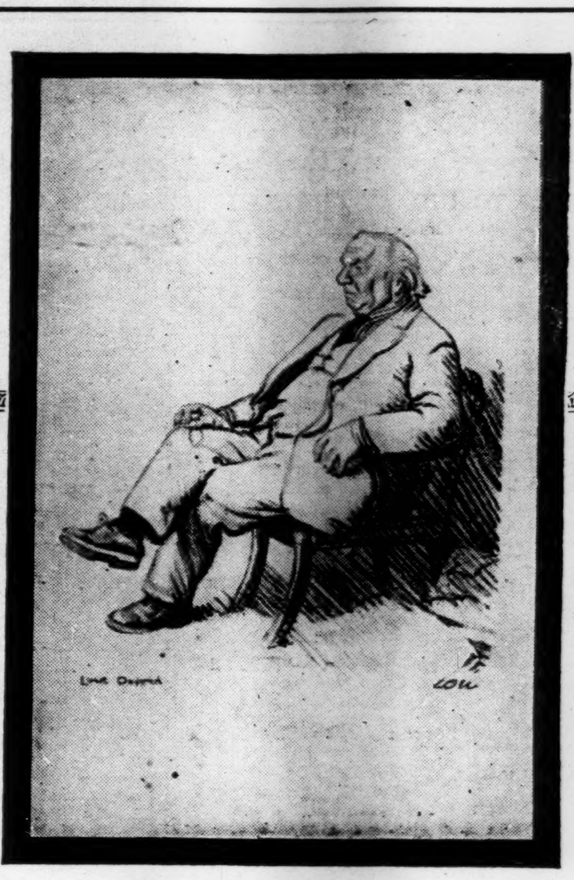

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by

LOW

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3. Mr. Arnold Bennett
4. Lord Oxford
5. Mr. Joseph Conrad
6. Sir W. Joynson-Hicks
7. Mr. Bernard Shaw
8. Mr. Lloyd George
9. Mr. St. Loe Strachey
10. Sir Austen Chamberlain
11. Lord Beaverbrook
12. Mr. Philip Snowden
13. Mr. Hilaire Belloc
14. Mr. Winston Churchill
15. Mr. J. L. Garvin
16. Mr. G. K. Chesterton
17. The Lord Chief Justice
18. Mr. Augustus John
19. Mr. J. H. Thomas
20. Mr. Robert Lynd

These 20 sketches are the most noteworthy collection of Low's more serious work. They were published as Supplements to THE NEW STATESMAN in 1926, and are printed on special cartridge paper. The small reproduction above gives a very inadequate idea of the quality of their production. The size of the sketches is 13in. by 9in., and they make a most interesting "gallery" for the club, library, smoke-room, billiard-room, &c. The plates have been destroyed. FRAMED in black polished wood, they cost 2s. 6d. each, or 45s. the set (20), postage for one or two pictures 1s., and for each additional picture 3d. UNFRAMED, the sketches cost 1s. each, postage 1d.

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PLAYTIME

BRIDGE

BY CALIBAN.

HOW TO BID AT CONTRACT: A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIVE HANDS.

III. Suit Bid of One, raised by Partner, and rebid by original Declarer.

♠ 64
♥ Q1032
♦ 73
♣ AJ542

West		East
♠ KJ95	N	♠ AQ832
♥ 76	W E	♥ J4
♦ QJ10		♦ 9865
♣ Q987	S	♣ K10

♠ 107
♥ AK985
♦ AK42
♣ 63

Score: Game-all. North deals.

The bidding is as follows:

North	..	No Bid	2 ♥	No Bid
East	..	No Bid	No Bid	No Bid
South	..	1 ♥	4 ♥	
West	..	No Bid	No Bid	

Notes on the Bidding:

North and East *pass*, since neither has the minimum strength demanded of the opener (see Hand I). South has a very strong hand—4 honour tricks—but it is *not* powerful enough for an opening bid of Two. West passes. (He might, if not vulnerable, risk a "negative" double in order to harry his opponents.)

North now gives his partner a *single raise*. His hand is on the borderline between a bid of Two Hearts and a bid of Three; but, being vulnerable, he should not take undue risks. His (subconscious) reasoning process is as follows:

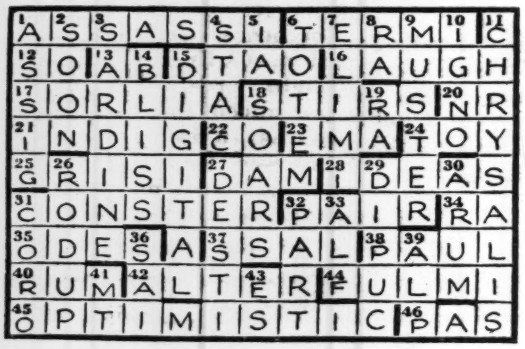
"Partner has bid One Heart. If his bid is a *minimum* one, he may be counting on me for three tricks. Unless, therefore, I can show him probable tricks in excess of three, I must pass. But my hand, *if played in Hearts*, is worth from four to five tricks. I can therefore with safety raise Partner from One Heart to Two."

South now knows exactly where he stands. If Hearts are trumps, he can bank on four probable tricks from partner. His own hand is worth, roughly, six. He can therefore bid Four Hearts.

In this connection I would call attention to last week's Caption, which has reference to just this situation. It would be very wrong of South, with ten tricks in sight, to bid only Three Hearts, and so throw upon his partner the onus of bidding the fourth. For South knows that North has already tried to tell him exactly what the latter's hand is worth.

Remember also that *bids at contract are cumulative*. Each new bid, that is to say, should show something in the hand *hitherto undisclosed*.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



1 A	2 S	3 S	A	S	4 S	5 I	6 T	7 E	8 R	9 M	10 I	11 C
12 S	O	13 A	14 B	15 D	T	A	O	16 L	A	U	G	H
17 S	O	R	L	I	A	18 S	T	I	19 R	S	20 N	R
21 I	N	D	I	G	22 C	O	23 E	M	A	24 T	O	Y
25 G	26 R	I	S	I	27 D	A	M	28 I	29 D	E	30 A	S
31 C	O	N	S	T	E	R	32 P	33 A	I	R	34 R	A
35 O	D	E	36 S	A	37 S	S	A	L	38 P	39 A	U	L
40 R	U	41 M	42 A	L	T	43 E	R	44 F	U	L	M	I
45 O	P	T	I	M	I	S	T	I	C	46 P	A	S

THE THIRTEEN NATIONS

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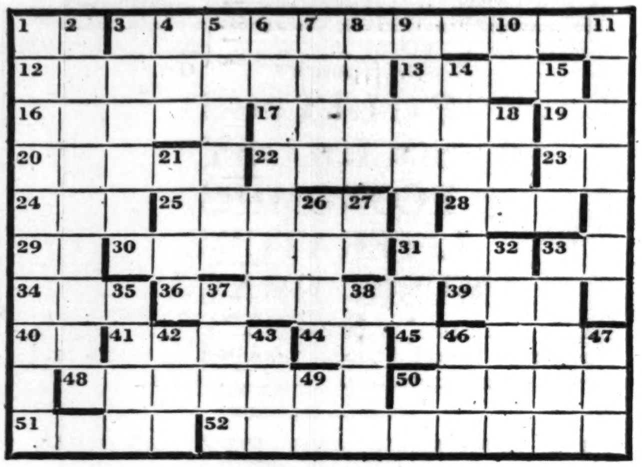
The taximeter, ticking on,
Will tell you just how far you've gone—
So each new bid you make should show
How far it now seems safe to go.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



MUSICAL CHAIRS.

When the strings of our fiddles are rosiny,
When our pipes are attuned to the ear,
Then the daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne,
If we seek them, will surely appear.

Note: The names of these ladies are all to be found in the puzzle. One of them has met with a temporary reverse.

ACROSS.

1. Suppose we begin with what's put at the end?
12. The colour of yellowish clay.
13. So be it. It's mean but it's muddled, my friend.
16. What Galahad sought the wrong way.
17. A wash and brush up?
19. and in France (yes, in France)
20 rev. Appease is what I seem to mean;
22, 28. So now to attack let the party advance.
23. Here one of the Housmen is seen.
24. I visit the schools, and they cheer when I go.
25. What every good shot needs to be.
29. Though "yes" be retracted, it doesn't mean "no."
31. You'll find hidden metal in me.
33. My job is to talk—at four hundred a year.
34. But the Lords is where I'm to be found;
36. To get back our losses (39) just turn round the beer—
40. In "hicks" I am said to abound.
41. Olympia "reverses" (of *Hoffmann* I speak).
44. A martyr, perhaps, or a road.
48. You'll meet me in Stepney
50. —I'm coupled with Greek.
51. And mine is a prophet's abode.

DOWN.

2. Fight on, shadow cabinet!
4. get led astray—
5. Recover what seems to be gone.
6. I flow—so I'm told—into Chesapeake Bay.
7. We stand on our head, at Toulon.
8. Whatever is, is; and at Oxford is, now.
10. I was English "as spoke" long ago.
14. Exiguous I.
15. Is she tidy, the cow?
18. An overturned shelter, you know.
21. Confused, Ananias? You'd best run to ground.
26. They await me in W. 1.
27. An article [compound] in Paris is found.
32. Make us all more desirous of fun.
33. I'm due for an orison; bring in the mat.
37. A crash at St. Paul's comes to view
38. If phut should go phut 'twould be something like that.
42. Mixed oof. (43) What old soldiers don't do.
46. My limb may be twisted—I'll batter you still;
47. But this one's quite easy to see.
49. How much was bequeathed in the guinea-pig's will?
50. In the glow of the fire—look for me.

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